# HYMNS NO TUNES

FOR THE

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

(SCIENTIST)

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FOR.

# CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

AND

SUNDAY SCHOOL SERVICES.

Compiled and Arranged by

JESSIE DAY,



CHICAGO, ILL.:

MRS. O. W. DAY, PUBLISHER,

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### HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

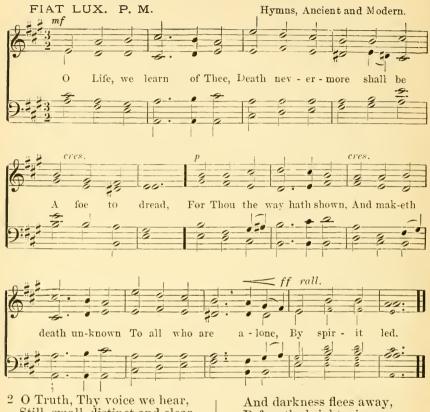
# THE CHURCH OF CHRIST,

#### SCIENTIST,



- As the dew before the sunlight;
   Melts and fadeth from our sight,
   So may every doubt and error
   Fade before eternal light.
- 3. Armed with faith may we press onward
  Knowing nothing but thy will,
  Conquering every storm of error
  With the sweet words, "Peace, be still."
- 4. Like the star of Bethlehem shining,
  Love will guide us all the way,
  From the depths of error's darkness,
  Into Truth's eternal day.

FLOSSIE L. HEYWOOD.



2 O Truth, Thy voice we hear, Still, small, distinct and clear, Bidding us take

The path, where Thou hast walked.

Though scorned, despised and mocked.

For Thou to us hast talked, Our peace to make.

3 O Love Thy blessings shine, Pure, radiant, divine, Into our hearts; And darkness flees away, Before the brightening ray That ushers in the day; And fear departs.

4 O Life and Truth and Love,
Blest Trinity above;
All earthly fears,
We live alone in Thee.
And evermore shall be,
From mortal toils, set free;
And griefs and tears.

NELLIE B. EATON.

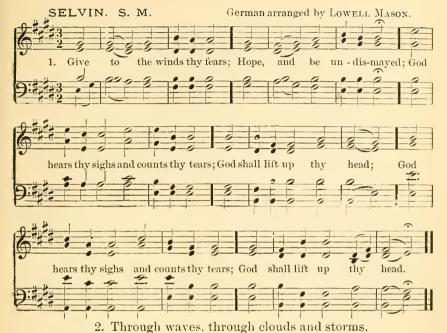


- 2. Fear not, be strong! your cause belongs To Him, who can avenge your wrongs; Leave all to Him, your Lord; Though hidden yet from mortal eyes, Salvation shall for you arise; He girdeth on his sword!
- 3. As true as God's own promise stands,
  Not earth nor hell, with all their bands,
  Against us shall prevail;
  The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
  God is with us; we are his own;
  Our victory cannot fail!

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, in prose. JACOB FABRICIUS.
Translated by Miss C. Winkworth.



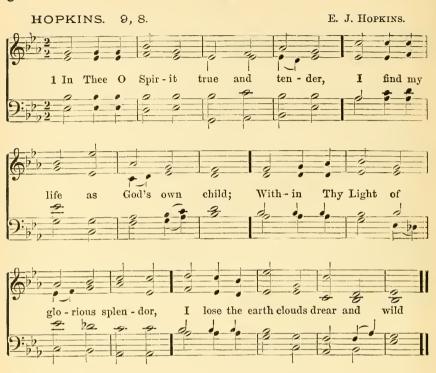
- 1 Come, O Thou universal Good; Balm of the wounded conscience, come! Haven to take the shipwrecked in, My everlasting rest from sin.
- 2 Come O my comfort and delight! My strength, and health, and shield and sun, My boast, my confidence and might, My joy, my glory, and my crown.



GOD

- "He gently clears thy way;
  Wait thou his time; so shall this night,
  Soon end in joyous day.
- 3. He everywhere hath sway,
  And all things serve his might:
  His every act pure blessing is,
  His path unsullied light.
- 4. Leave to his sovereign sway,
  To choose and to command:
  With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,
  How wise, how strong his hand.
- 5. Thou comprehend'st him not, Yet earth and heaven tell: God sits as Sovereign on the throne; He ruleth all things well.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1659. Translated by John Wesley, 1739.



- 2 In Thee I have no pain or sorrow, No anxious thought, no load of care; Thou art the same to-day, to-morrow, Thy Love and Truth are everywhere.
- 3 Within Thy Love, is safe abiding
  From every thought that giveth fear;
  Within Thy Truth, a perfect chiding,
  Should I forget that Thou art near.
- 4 Thy grace is all sufficient for me,
  The precious Life a perfect light;
  No evil thought can come before Thee,
  Thy mind is pure, Thy home is bright.
  F. A. F.



- 2. The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed; From them let us learn to trust for our bread: His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied, So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."
- 3. When Satan appears to stop up our path,
  And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
  He cannot take from us, tho' off he has tried,
  The heart cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."
- 4. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
  The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
  But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
  This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

  JOHN NEWTON.



- 2 Though like the wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
  Darkness be over me,
  My rest a stone,
  Yet in my dreams I'd be
  Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
  Steps unto heaven;
  All that thou sendest me,
  In mercy given;
  Angels to beckon me
  Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking tho'ts
  Bright with thy praise,
  Out of my stony griefs
  Bethel I'll raise;
  So by my woes to be
  Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,
  Sun, moon, and stars forgot
  Upward I fly,
  Still all my song shall be,
  Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee!

  MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.



- Workman of God! O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;
   And in the darkest battle-field, Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 3. Muse on his justice, downcast soul,
  Muse, and take better heart;
  Back with thine angel to the field,
  And bravely do thy part.
- For right is right, since God is Good.
   And right the day must win;
   To doubt would be disloyalty,
   To falter would be sin.

DUNDEE.



- 2 Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
   I feast at life's full board;
   And rising in my inner skies,
   Shines forth the thought of God.
- 3 At night my gladness is my prayer,
   I drop my daily load;
   And every care is pillowed there,
   Upon the thought of God.
- 4 I ask not far before to see
  But take, in trust, my load;
  Love,Truth,and immortality,
  Are in my thought of God.
- 5 To this their secret strength they owed, The martyrs path who trod; The fountains of their patience flowed, From out their thought of God.



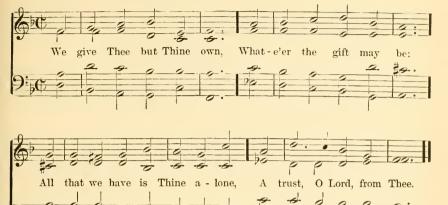
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine! Glow within this heart of mine; Kindle every high desire; Perish self in thy pure fire!
- 3 Holy Spirit, Right divine! King within my conscience reign; Be my law, and I shall be Firmly bound, forever free.
- 4 Holy Spirit Joy divine! Gladden thou this heart of mine; In the desert ways I sing, Spring O Well, forever spring.

CHAS. WESLEY, SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.



- 2 There is one Truth, and that is God, That Christ revealed on Earth to show, One Life that His redeeming blood Has won for all mankind below.
- 3 The lore from Philip once concealed, We know its fulness now in Christ; In Him the Father is revealed, And all our longing is sufficed.
- 4 And still unwavering faith holds sure
  The words that James wrote sternly down;
  Except we labor and endure.
  We cannot win that heavenly crown.
- 5 O Way divine, through gloom and strifeBring us our Father's face to see;O heavenly Truth, O precious Life,At last, at last, we rest in Thee.

#### WE GIVE THEE BUT THY OWN. S. M.

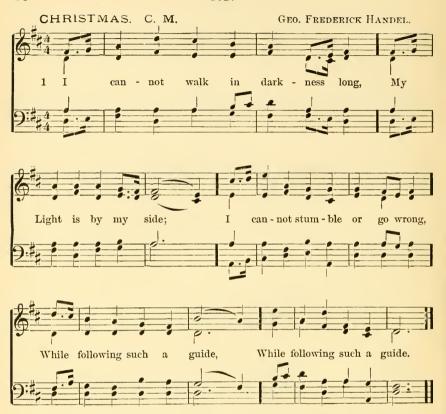


- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
   As stewards true receive,And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
   To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 The captive to release.To God the lost to bring,To teach the way of life and peace,It is a Christ-like thing.
- 4 And we believe Thy Word,

  Though dim our faith may be;

  Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,

  We do it unto Thee.
- 5 All might, all praise be Thine,
   Father, Co-equal Son,
   And Spirit, bond of love Divine.
   While endless ages run.



- 2 He is my stay and my defense, How shall I fail or fall? My keeper is Omnipotence; ||: My Ruler ruleth all. :||
- 3 The powers below and powers above,
  Are subject to his care;
  I cannot wander from his love,
  ||: Whose love is everywhere.:||
  CAROLINE A. MASON.



- 2 Spirit in whom we live,
  Thou who dost yearn to give,
  All hearts thy rest;
  When earthly joys take flight,
  Cheer thou the earthly night,
  And in the morning light,
  Still be our guest.
- 3 And when the eternal morn,
  From death's deep night shades born,
  Our eyes shall see;
  Father, thy word, thy breath.
  Thy Christ, who conquereth
  Sorrow and sin and death,
  Our trust shall be.

Сная. Т. Впоока, 1873.



- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air. Sweet flowers and fruit. Thy love declare; When harvests ripen, Thou art there, Who givest all.
- 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days, For all the blessings earth displays. We owe Thee thankfulness and praise, Who givest all.
- 4 Thou didst not spare Thine Only Son, But gav'st Him for a world undone, And freely with that Blessed One Thou givest all.
- 5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower, Spirit of life, and love and power, And dost His sevenfold graces shower Upon us all.
- 6 To Thee, from Whom we all derive Our life, our gifts, our power to give: O may we ever with Thee live, Who givest all.



- 2 Spirit of glory and of God!

  Long hast Thou deigned my guide to be;

  Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed;

  My God! I come, I come to Thee.
- 3 I come to join that countless host
  Who praise thy name unceasingly;
  Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
  My God! I come, I come to Thee.
  Unknown.

20 GOD.



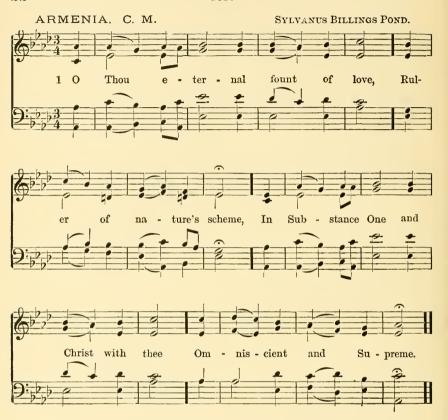
- 2 Thought answereth alone to thought,
  And soul with soul hath kin;
  The outward God, he findeth not,
  Who finds not God within.
- 3 And if the vision come to Thee, Revealed by inward sign; Earth will be full of Deity, And with His glory shine.

Anon.

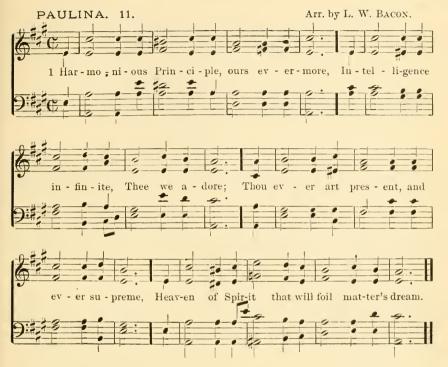


- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
  Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
  We'll praise Him for all that is past,
  And trust Him for all that's to come.
- 3 Our Father Almighty, to Thee
  We turn as our solace above;
  The waters may fail from the sea,
  But never Thy fountain of Love.

  JOSEPH HART



- 2 For Thy dear mercy's sake receive
   The strains and tears we pour;
   And purify our hearts to taste
   Thy sweetness more and more.
- 3 Our flesh, our reins, our spirits, Lord,
   In Thy clear fire refine;
   Break down the self-indulgent will,
   Gird us with strength divine.



- Hamonious Principle, ours ever-more Intelligence infinite, Thee we adore;
   Thou ever art present, ever supreme,
   Heaven of Spirit that will foil matter's dream,
- 2 Give us understanding of Truth and of Love, We learn God, and Truth will all error remove; Lead us to the Life, that is Soul unconfined, Deliver from error untrue and unkind.
- 3 For Thou art the Life, that no death ever knew, Thou Truth in such glory, no sin can be true, Thou Love over all, and the infinite whole, Forever and ever the Day Spring of Soul.



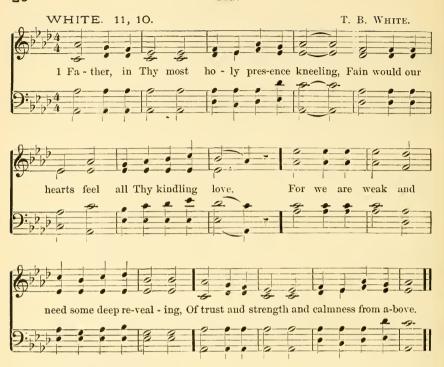
- 2 Yet in the maddening maze of things, And tossed by storm and flood, To one fixed stake my spirit clings, I know that God is good.
- 3 The wrong that pains my soul below, I dare not throw above; I know not of His hate-I know His goodness and His love.

WHITTIER.



- What heart can comprehend Thy name,
  Or searching, find Thee out;
  Who art within a quickening flame,
  A presence round about.
- 3 Oh, dearer than all things, we know,
  The child-like faith shall be;
  That makes the darkest way we go
  An open path to Thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer,



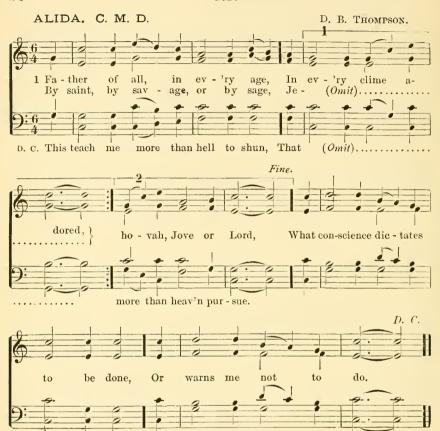
- 2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow.
  And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
  And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,
  Thou wilt sustain us till our work is done.
- 3 In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy, Abides; and when pain seems to have its will, Or dark despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly, Stronger than the evil, and we be still.
- 4 Now, Father, in thy dear presence kneeling, Our senses yearn to feel thy saving Love, O make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing, Of Faith and strength and calmness from above.

SAMUEL JOHNSON,



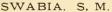
- 1 Everlasting arms of love Are beneath, around, above; God it is who bears us on, His the arm we lean upon.
- 2 He our ever present guide, Faithful is whate'er betide; Gladly, then, we journey on, His the arm we lean upon.

Unknown.



- 2 If I am right, Thy grace impart, Still in the right to stay; If I am wrong, O teach my heart To find the better way.
- 3 This day be bread and peace my lot,
  All else beneath the sun,
  Thou knowest if bestowed or not,
  And let Thy will be done.

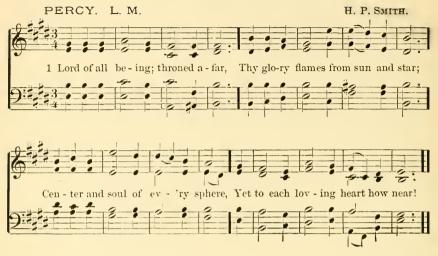
ALEXANDER POPE



AIR. by W. H. HAVERGAL.



- 2 To scorn the senses' sway, While still to Thee I tend; In all I do, be Thou the way; In all, be Thou the end.
- 3 All may of Thee partake;
  Nothing so small can be,
  But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
  Greatness and worth from Thee.



- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray Sheds on our path the glow of day; Star of our hope, thy softened light Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn; Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn; Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.!
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love, Before thy ever-blazing throne We ask no luster of our own,
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
  And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
  Till all the living altars claim
  One holy light, one heavenly flame!

  O. W. HOLMES.



- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
  I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
  I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
  Will lead me on
  O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
  The night is gone,
  And with the morn those angel faces smile
  Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

  John. H. Newman.



- 2 Full oft wast Thou found afar on the mountain,
  As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave;
  Thou Son of the Highest and life's endless fountain,
  Be with us, we pray Thee, to bless and to save.
- 3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow, Shall toss our frail bark driving wild o'er night's deep; Let Thy healing wing be stretched over o'er pillow, And guard us from evil though Death watch our sleep.
- 4 To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven, Who dwells with the lowly and humble in heart; To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given, One God ever blessed and praised, Thou art.

HEBER.



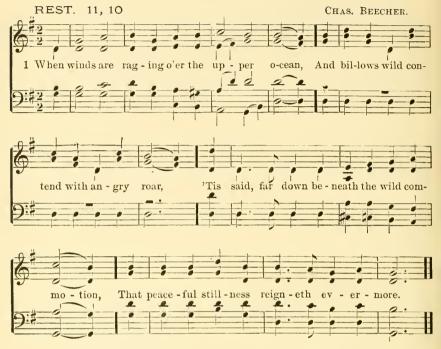
- We feel Thy calm at evening's hour,
  Thy grandeur in the march of night;
  And, when the morning breaks in power,
  We hear Thy word, "Let there be light."
- 3 But higher far, and far more clear,

  Thee in man's spirit we behold;

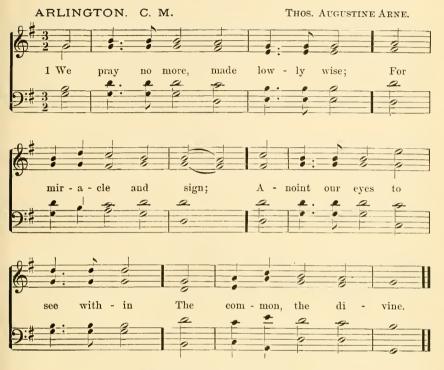
  Thine image and Thyself are there

  The indwelling God, proclaimed of old

  Samuel Longfellow.



- 2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth, And silver waves chime ever peacefully; And no rude storm, how fierce so-e'er it flieth, Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.
- 3 So the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest! There is a temple sacred evermore; And all the babble of life's angry voices Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.
- 4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth, And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully, And no rude storm how fierce so-e'er it flieth, Disturbs the soul, that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.
- 5 O Rest of rests! O Peace serene, eternal! Thou ever livest and Thou changest never; And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth Fulness of joy for ever and ever.



- We turn from seeking Thee afar, And in unwonted ways,To build from out our daily lives The temples of Thy praise.
- 3 And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
  To hearts of old were dear,
  What joy shall dwell within the faith
  That feels Thee ever near.
- 4 And nobler yet shall duty grow
  And more shall worship be,
  When Thou art found in all our life,
  And all our life in Thee.

Anon.

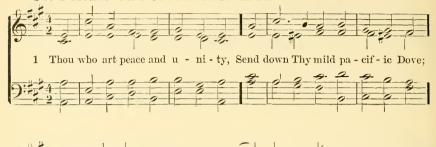


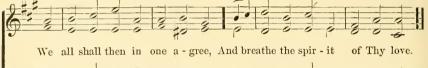
- 2 But for fuller life we pine, Let us more receive of Thine; Still for more on Thee we call, Thou who fillest all in all.
- 3 Live we now in Thee; be fed Daily with the living bread; Into Thee our spirits grow; Into us Thy Spirit flow.
- 4 While we feel the vital blood, While Thy full and quickening flood Through life's every channel rolls, Soul of all believing souls.



- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay, No harm can befall, with my comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread; With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head; Oh, what sahll I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God, Still follow my steps, till I meet Thee above; I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod, Through the land of their sojourn, Thy Kingdom of love,



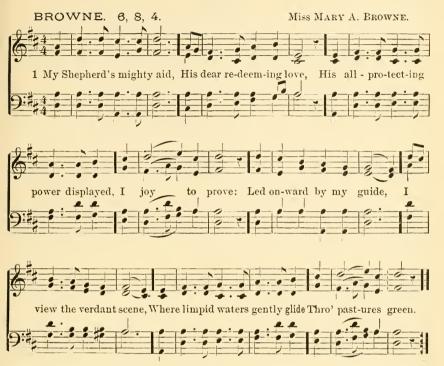






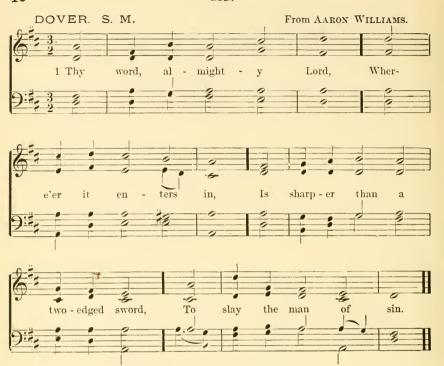
- 2 We all shall think and speak the same Delightful lesson of thy grace, One undivided Christ proclaim, And jointly glory in Thy praise.
- 3 O let us take a softer mold, Blended and gathered into Thee; Under one Shepherd make one fold, Where all is love and harmony.
- 4 Regard Thine own eternal prayer,
  And send a peaceful answer down;
  To us Thy Father's name declare,
  Unite and perfect us in one.
- That God hath sent Thee from above;
  When Thou art seen in us below,
  And every one displays Thy love.

  Chas. Webler.



- 2 In error's maze my soul
  Shall wander now no more;
  His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
  The lost restore;
  My willing steps shall lead
  In paths of righteousness;
  His power defend; his bounty feed;
  His mercy bless.
- 3 Affliction's deepest gloom
  Shall but his love display;
  He will the vale of death illume
  With living ray:
  My failing flesh his rod
  Shall thankfully adore;
  My heart shall vindicate my God
  For evermore.

  THOMAS ROBERTS.



- 1 Thy word, almighty Lord,
  Where'er it enters in,
  Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
  To slay the man of sin.
  - 2 Thy word is power and life;It bids confusion cease,And changes envy, hatred, strife,To love, and joy, and peace.
- 3 Then let out hearts obey
  The gospel's glorious sound;
  And all its fruits, from day to day,
  Be in us and abound.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



- 1 Yes, we trust the day is breaking,
  Joyful things are near at hand;
  God, the mighty God is speaking,
  By His work in every land;
  God is speaking,
  Darkness flies at His command.
- With the voice of joy and singing,
  Let us hail the dawning ray;
  Lo! the blessed day-star bringing
  O'er the earth a glorious day;
  At His rising,
  Gloom and darkness flee away.

KELLEY.



- I My Lord, how full of sweet content, I pass my years of banishment! Where'er I dwell, I dwell with Thee, In heaven, on earth, or on the sea. To me remains nor place nor time; My country is in every clime: I can be calm and free from care On any shore, since God is there.
- 2 While place we seek, or place we shun,
  The soul finds happiness in none;
  But with a God to guide our way,
  "Tis equal joy, to go or stay.
  Could I be cast where Thou art not,
  That were indeed a dreadful lot;
  But regions none remote I call,
  Secure of finding God in all.

  Madam Guyon, 1702,
  Tr. by WM. COWPER, 1782.



- 1 What know we, Holy God, of Thee, Thy being and Thine essence pure? Too bright the very mystery For mortal vision to endure.
- We only know Thy word sublime,Thou art the Spirit! Perfect! One!Unlimited by space or time,Unknown but through the eternal Son.
- 3 By change untouched, by thought untraced,
  And by created eye unseen,
  In Thy great Present is embraced
  All that shall be, all that hath been.
  FRANCES RIDLY HAVERGAL.



- 1 Open, Lord, my inward ear, And bid my heart rejoice; Bid my quiet spirit hear The comfort of Thy voice, Never in the whirlwind found, Or where earthquakes rock the place; Still and silent is the sound, The whisper of Thy grace.
- 2 From the world of sin and noise,
  And hurry, I withdraw;
  For the small and inward voice
  I wait with humble awe;
  Silent I am now and still,
  Dare not in Thy presence move;
  To my waiting soul reveal
  The secret of Thy love.

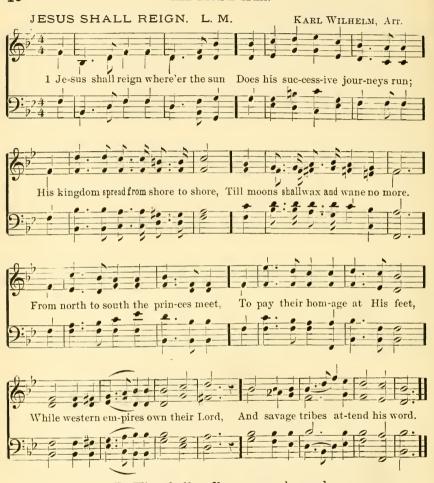
CHAS. WES! EY, 1742.



- 2 Jesus, our Savior,—
  Name more than all most sweet!
  Seeking Thy favor,
  We worship at Thy feet.
  All our sins confessing,
  Thou our hearts possessing,
  May Thy gracious blessing
  Here our spirits greet. Ref.
- P Come, Holy Spirit,Kindle devotions fire!By Thine own meritOur every thought inspire.

God's own word unsealing,
Precious truth revealing,
Thou canst bring the healing
Sin-sick souls desire. Ref.

4 Thus do we bless Thee,
O Thou great One in Three!
Gladly confess Thee,
Our Lord and King to be.
Hallelujahs swelling,
Shall Thy praise be telling,
Till, with Jesus dwelling,
We Thy glory see!
REF



2 To Him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown his head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice. People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.

ISAAC WATTS.

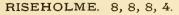


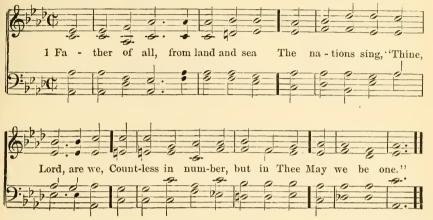
- 2 In shame and anguish once He died,
  But now He lives for ever-more;
  Bow down ye saints around His seat,
  And all ye angel-bands adore.
- 3 Worthy Thy hand to hold the keys,
  Guided by wisdom and by love;
  Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
  O'er worlds below and worlds above.
- 4 Forever reign, victorious King,
  Wide through the earth Thy name be known;
  And call my longing soul to sing
  Sublimer anthems near Thy throne.



- 2 And on its flowing hem, we read,
   As Thou dost linger near,
   The message of a love more deep
   Than any depth of fear.
- 3 And so no more our hearts shall plead,
  For miracle and sign;
  Thy order and Thy faithfulness,
  Are all in all Divine.
- 4 These are Thy revelations vast
  From earliest days of yore;
  These are our confidence and peace,
  We cannot wish for more.

JOHN W. CHADWICK, 1876,





- 2 O Son of God, Whose love so free For men,did make Thee man to be, United to our God in Thee May we be one.
- 3 In Thee we are God's Israel,
  Thou art the world's Emmanuel,
  In Thee the saints forever dwell,
  Millions, but one.
- 4 Thou art the Fountain of all good, Cleansing with Thy most precious blood, And feeding us with Angel's Food, Making us one.
- 5 O Spirit blest, Who from above Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
   Calm all our strife, give faith and love
   O make us one.
- 6 So, when the world shall pass away,
  May we awake with joy and say,
  "Now in the bliss of endless day
  We all are one."



- 2 Still near the lake, with weary tread
   Lingers a form of human kind,
   And on His lone, unsheltered head
   Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
- 3 Why seeks He not a home of rest?
  Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
  Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
  He hath not where to lay His head.
- 4 Such was the lot He freely chose,

  To bless, to save the human race;

  And through His poverty, there flows

  A rich, full stream, of heavenly grace.

RUSSELL.



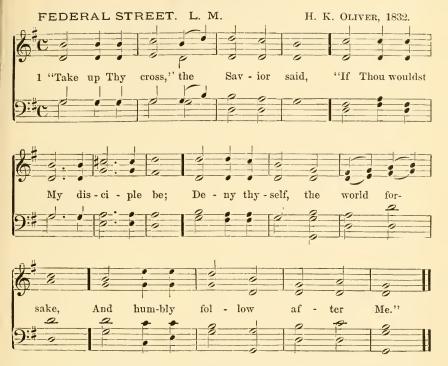
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; Thou savest those that on Thee call; To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, All in all.
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread, And long to feast upon Thee still; We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
  Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
  Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
  Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

  Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by R. PALMER.



- 2 'Tis finished! all that Heaven foretold By prophets in the days of old; And truths are opened to our view. That kings and prophets sought to know.
- 3 'Tis finished! Son of God, Thy power Hath triumphed in this awful hour; And let our eyes Thy glory see That death was captive led by Thee.
- 4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound Be heard by all the nations round; 'Tis finished! let earth's triumph rise, And swell the chorus of the skies.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

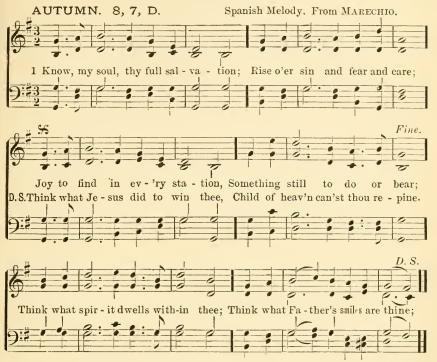


- 2 "Take up thy cross," let not its weightFill thy weak spirit with alarm;His strength shall bear thy spirit up,And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength, And calmly every danger brave; 'Twill guide thee to a better home, And lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
  Nor think till death to lay it down;
  For only he who bears the cross
  May hope to wear the glorious crown.
  CHARLES W. EYEREST.



- 2 And while the years, an endless host,
   Come swiftly pressing on,
   The brightest names that earth can boast
   Just glisten and are gone.
- 3 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed A luster pure and sweet; And still it leads, as once it led, To the Messiah's feet.
- 4 O Father, may that holy star Grow every year more bright, And send its glorious beams afar To fill the world of light.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.



- 1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear and care; Joy to find in every station, Something still to do or bear; Think what spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think what Jesus did to win thee; Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
  Arm'd with faith, and wing'd with prayer;
  Heaven's eternal day before thee
  God's own hand shall guide thee there;
  Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
  Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
  Hope shall change to glad fruition,
  Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

  HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1833.



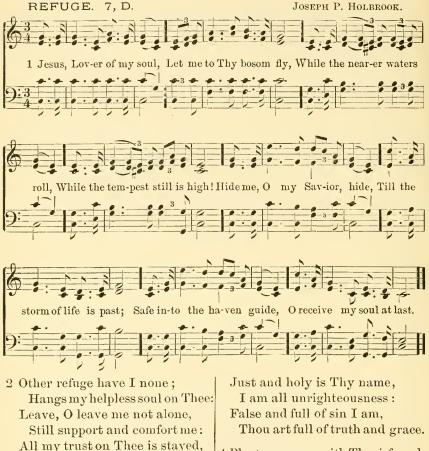
- 2 To His foll' wers gave the word, They should still be with their Lord; "Always I will be with you Till this world be lost to view."
- 3 Light unto the world He brought, Light the sages long had sought; Light He gave of Life Divine, Healing oil, and strength'ning wine.
- 4 Light was in Him, ever sure; Light forever to endure; Light with us will always be, If the God of light we see.

S. C. R.



- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
   Till all Thy foes submit,
   And all the powers of hell resign
   Their trophies at Thy feet.
- 3 Send forth Thy word, and let it fly The spacious earth around, Till every soul beneath the sun Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
   May Jesus be adored,
   And earth, with all her millions, shout,
   Hosannas to the Lord.

BURDER.



3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Cover my defenseless head

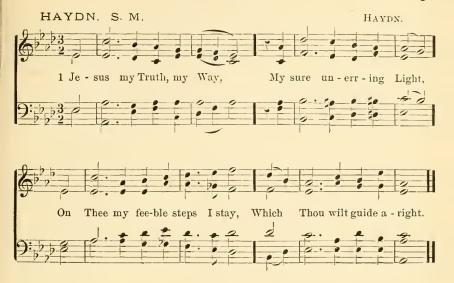
All my help from Thee I bring;

With the shadow of Thy wing!

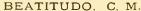
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,

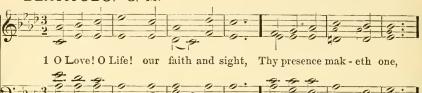
Grace to cover all my sin. Let the healing streams abound: Make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the fountain art. Freely let me take of Thee: Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.

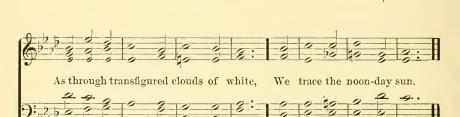
CHARLES WESLEY.



- 1 Jesus, my Truth, my Way,
  My sure, unerring Light,
  On Thee my feeble steps I stay,
  Which Thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My Wisdom and my Guide,My Counselor Thou art;O never let me leave Thy side,Or from Thy paths depart.
- 3 Never will I remove
  From out Thy hands my cause;
  ut rest in Thy redeeming love,
  And hang upon Thy cross.
- 4 O make me all like Thee,
  Before I hence remove;
  Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
  And build me up in love.
  CHAS. WESLEY.







- 2 So to our mortal eye subdued, Flesh-veiled, but not concealed, We know in Thee the father-hood, And heart of God revealed.
- 3 We faintly hear, we dimly see, In differing phrase we pray; But dim or clear, we own in Thee, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
- 4 To do Thy will is more than praise, As words are less than deeds; And simple trust can find Thy ways, We miss with chart of creeds.
- 5 Our Friend, our Brother and our Lord, What may Thy service be? For name, nor form, nor ritual word, But simply following Thee.

JOHN G. WHITTIER,

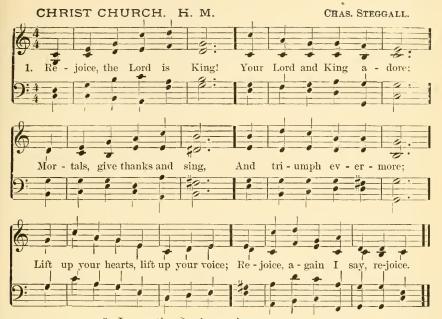


- Welcome as the water-spring
  To a dry, barren place,
  O descend on me, and bring
  Thy sweet, refreshing grace;
  O'er a parched and weary land,
  As a great rock extends its shade,
  Hide me Savior, with Thy hand,
  And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress
  Thou hast my succor been.
  In my utter helplessness,
  Restraining me from sin;
  O how swiftly didst Thou move
  To save me in the trying hour!
  Still protect me with Thy love,
  And shield me with Thy power.
  CHAS, WESLEY,



- 2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
  Let men their songs employ;
  While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
  Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
  And makes the nations prove
  The glories of His righteousness,
  And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.



- Jesus, the Savior, reigns,
   The God of truth and love;
   When he had purged our stains,
   He took his seat above:
   Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
   Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- His kingdom cannot fail,
   He rules o'er earth and heaven;
   The keys of death and hell
   Are to our Brother given;
   Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
   Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4. He sits at God's right hand,
  Till all his foes submit,
  And bow to his command,
  And fall beneath his feet:
  Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
  Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
  CHAS. WESLEY

## SEMPER ASPECTEMUS. C. M.



- Bright was the guiding star that led, With mild, benignant ray,
   The Gentiles to the lowly bed
   Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
   Now points to his abode;It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
   To guide us to our God.
- 3 O Gladly tread the narrow path,
  While light and grace are given;
  Who meekly follow Christ on earth
  Shall reign with him heaven.

HARRIET AUBER.



- 2 His name shall be the Prince of peace, For evermore adored;The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great and mighty Lord!
- 3 His power increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know: Justice shall guard His throne above And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
  To us a Son is given;
  The Wonderful, the Counselor,
  The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.



- 2 For Christ conceived of Mary,
  Has garnered all above, [keep
  While mortals sleep the angels
  Their watch of wondering love.
  O morning stars together
  Proclaim the holy birth!
  And praises sing to God the King,
  And peace to men on earth.
- 3 How silently, how silently,
  The wondrous gift is given;
  So God imparts to human hearts
  The blessings of his heaven.

- No ear may hear his coming.
  But in this world of sin, [still.
  Where meek souls will receive him
  The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy child of Bethlehem!

  Descend to us, we pray,
  Cast out our sin and enter in,
  Be born in us to-day.
  We hear the Christmas angels.
  The great glad tidings tell.
  - O, come to us, abide with us.
    Our Lord Emmanuel!

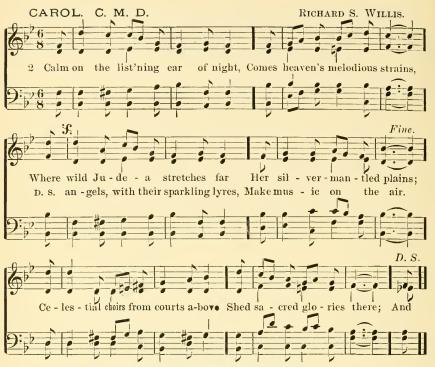
Unknown.



2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:
"Fear not," say they; | Jesus, your King,
"Great joy we bring; | Is born to-day.

3 "He comes, your souls to raise
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb:
Your voices raise,
With sons of light;
Of endless praise.

4 "Glory to God on high;
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound;
For peace on earth,
From God in heaven | To man is given,
At Jesus' birth."



The answering hills of Palestine Send back the glad reply,

And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:

O'er the blue depths of Galilee There comes a holier calm;

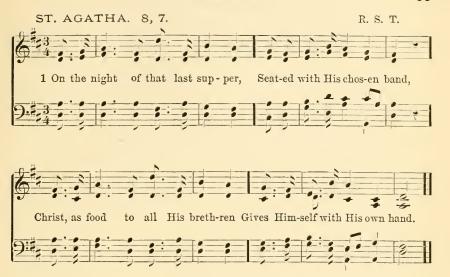
And Sharon waves in solemn praise Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain The realm of ether fills;

How sweeps the song of solemn joy O'er Judah's sacred hills!

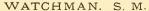
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies Loud with their anthems ring:

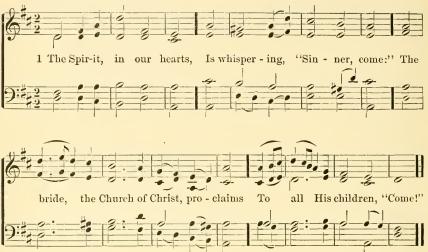
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men, From heaven's eternal King."



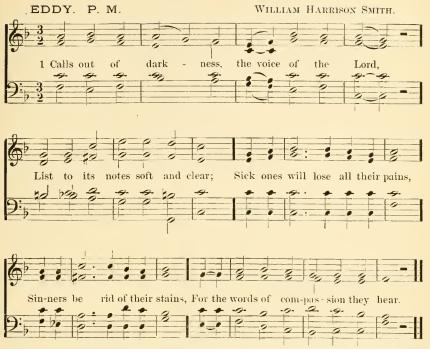
- 1 On the night of that last supper, Seated with His chosen band, Christ, as food to all His bretheren, Gives Himself, with His own hand.
- 2 He as man with man conversing, Staid the seeds of life to sow; Then He closed in solemn order, Wondrously, His life of woe.
- 3 Lo! o'er ancient forms departing, Newer rites of grace prevail; Faith for all defects supplying Where the feeble senses fail.
- 4 To the everlasting Father,
  Through the Son, Who reigns on high,
  Be all glory, honor, blessing,
  Might, and endless majesty.

BREVIARY.





- 1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
  Is whispering, "Sinuer, come."
  The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
  To all His children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
  To all about him, "Come!"
  Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
  To Christ, the Fountain, come!
- 3 Yea, whosoever will,
  O let him freely come,
  And freely drink the stream of life;
  'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
  Declares, "I quickly come;"
  Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour:
  O blest Redeemer, come!
  H. U. ONDERDONE.

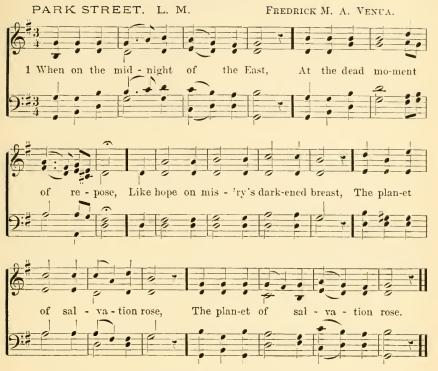


- Calls out of darkness, the voice of the Lord,
  List to its notes soft and clear;
  Sick ones will lose all their pains,
  Sinners be rid of their stains,
  For the words of compassion thy hear.
- 2 Shines out of darkness the face of the Lord,
  With soft light, radiant and pure,
  Mourning ones dry all their tears,
  Timid ones cast off their fears,
  Of comfort and pity so sure.
- 3 See! out of darkness, the hand of the Lord,
  Beck'ning a lost world to come,
  Fainting ones they become bold,
  Infants grasp with tiny hold,
  And are led to the beautiful home.

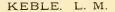
G. B. DAY.

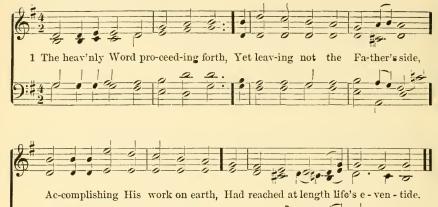


- 2 He strengthens my spirit, He snows me the way, Where the arms of His love shall enfold me; And when I walk through the dark valley of death, His rod and His staff will uphold me.
- 2 In the midst of affliction my table is spread; With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head; O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 3 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God, Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above; I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod, Through the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.

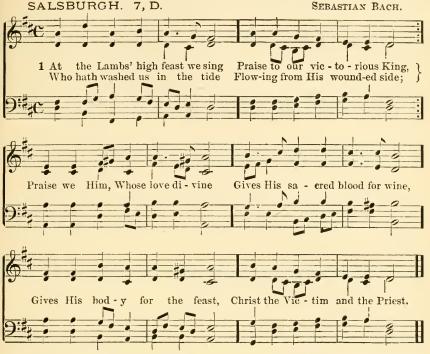


- 2 The shepherd, leaning o'er his flock, Started with broad and upward gaze, Kneeled, while the star of Bethlehem broke On music wakened into praise.
- 3 Shall we for whom that star was hung In the dark vault of frowning heaven, Shall we, for whom that strain was sung, That song of peace and sin forgiven?
- 4 Shall we, for whom the Savior bled, Careless, His banquet's blessing see, Nor heed the parting word that said, "Do this in memory of Me?"





- 2 By false disciple to be given
  To foemen for His life athirst,
  Himself, the very Bread of Heaven
  He gave to His disciples first.
- 2 He gave Himself in either kind,
  His precious Flesh, His precious Blood;
  In love's own fulness thus designed
  Of the whole man to be the Food.
- 3 By Birth their Fellow-man was He;
  Their Meat, when sitting at the Board
  He came, their Ransomer to be;
  He ever reigns, their great Reward
- 4 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend For evermore, Blest One in Three; Life, Truth and Love, Thine own defend; We are Thine own in Unity.



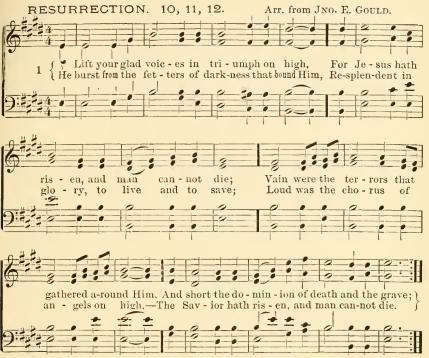
- 2 Where the paschal blood is poured, Death's dark angel sheathes his sword; Isarel's hosts triumphant go Thro' the waves that drowns the foe. Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed Living Victim, Living Bread; With sincerity and love Eat we manna from above.
- 3 Mighty Victor from the sky!
  Hell's dark powers beneath Thee lie;
  Thou hast conquered in the fight,
  Shown the way to Life and Light:
  Hymns of glory, hymns of praise
  Risen Lord. to Thee we raise;
  Holy Father, Praise to Thee,
  In the Spirit, ever be.

  Tr. by R. CAMPBELL,



- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
  That we may see aright
  The Lord of life eternal,
  The resurrection light;
  And, listening to His accents,
  May hear, so clear and plain,
  His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
  Wake to new life again.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
  And earth her song begin!
  Let all the world in triumph,
  O'er sickness, death, and sin!
  Invisible and visible,
  Their notes of victory blend,
  For Christ our Lord hath risen,
  Our Life that hath no end.

St. John of Damascus 380.



1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;
Vain was the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
The Savior hath risen, and man cannot die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;

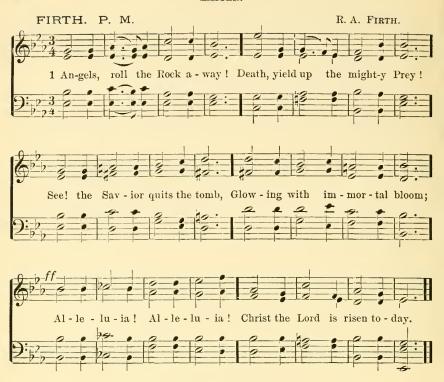
The being He gave us, death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,

If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,

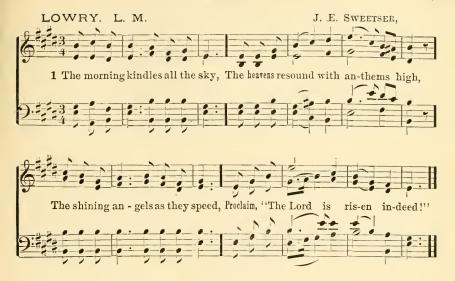
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your glad voices in triumph on high,

For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

HENRY WARE, Jr.

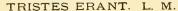


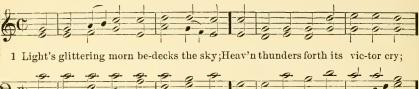
- 2 Shout ye seraphs angels, raise Your eternal songs of praise; Let the earth's remotest bound Echo to the blissful sound. Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
- 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
  Holy Spirit, Three in One,
  Glory as of old to Thee,
  Now and evermore shall be;
  Alleluia! Alleluia!
  Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
  T. GIBBONS, 1784.

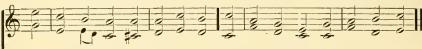


- 2 Vainly with rocks His tomb was barred, While Roman guards kept watch and ward; Majestic from the broken tomb, In pomp and triumph, He has come!
- 3 When the amazed disciples heard, Their hearts with speechless joy was stirred; Their Lord's beloved face to see Before Him haste to Galilee.
- 4 His wounded hands to them He shows, His wondrous Love to thus disclose, They with this glorious message speed, "The Christ is risen, is risen indeed!"
- 5 O Christ, Thou King compassionate! With Love, destroying death and hate: With Thee we rise, if this we see, And go before to Galilee!

Ambrosian, in the year, 550.





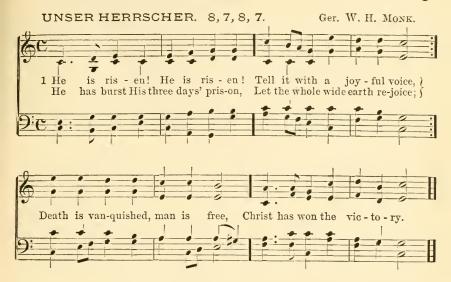


The glad earth shouts her triumph high, And groaning hell makes wild re - ply.



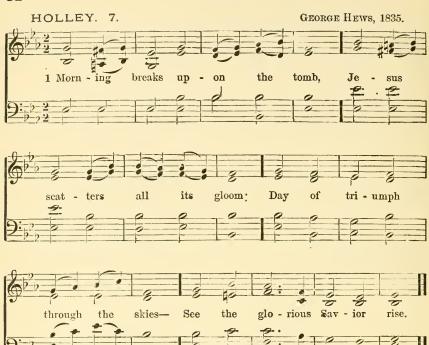
- 1 Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky; Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry; The glad earth shouts her triumph high, And groaning hell makes wild reply.
- While He, the King, the mighty King,
  Despoiling death of all its sting,
  And, trampling down the powers of night,
  Brings forth His ransomed saints to light.
- 3 His tomb of late the threefold guard Of watch and stone and seal had barred. But now, in pomp and triumph high, He comes from death to victory.
- 4 The pains of hell are loosed at last; The days of mourning now are past; An Angel robed in light hath said, "The Lord is risen from the dead."

Inknown.



- 1 He is risen! He is risen!
  Tell it with a joyful voice,
  He has burst His three days' prison,
  Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
  Death is vanquished, man is free,
  Christ has won the victory.
- 2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping
  Over deeds in darkness done,
  Weary, fast and vigil keeping;
  Brightly breaks the Easter sun;
  Christ has borne our sins away,
  Christ has conquered hell to-day.
- 3 He is risen! He is risen!
  He has oped the eternal gate;
  We are loosed from sin's dark prison,
  Risen to a holier state,
  Where a brightening Easter beam,
  On our longing eye shall stream.

C. F. ALEXANDER. 1853.

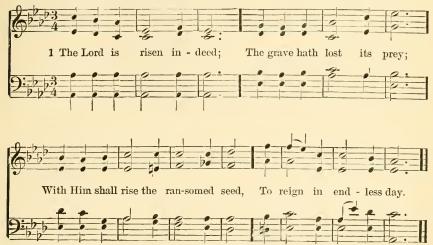


- 1 Morning breaks upon the tomb,
  Jesus scatters all its gloom.
  Day of triumph! Through the skies.—
  See the glorious Savior rise!
- 2 Ye, who are of death afraid, Triumph in the scattered shade; Drive your anxious cares away; See the place where Jesus lay!
- 3 Christian! dry your flowing tears, Chase your unbelieving fears; Look on His deserted grave; Doubt no more His power to save.

COLLYER.

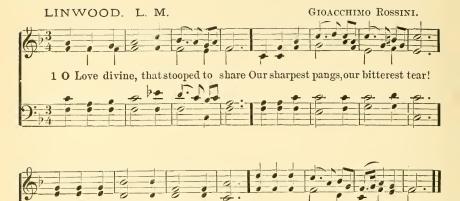


Joseph E. Sweetser.



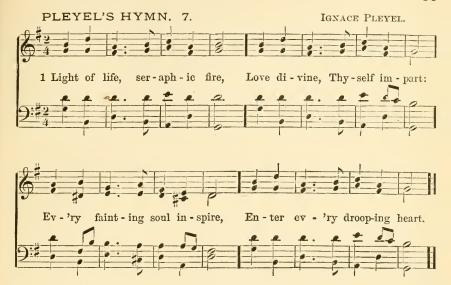
- 1 The Lord is risen indeed;The grave hath lost its prey!With Him shall rise the ransomed seed,To reign in endless day.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed;
  He lives, to die no more!
  He lives, his people's cause to plead,
  Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed;
  Attending angels, hear!
  Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
  The joyful tidings bear:
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
  And strike each cheerful chord;
  Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
  To sing our risen Lord.

THOS. KELLY.



On Thee we cast each earthborn care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.

- 1 O Love divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear! On Thee we cast each earthborn care; We smile at pain while Thou art near
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
  And sorrow crown each lingering year,
  No path we shun, no darkness dread,
  Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near!"
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear, The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
  O Love divine, forever dear;
  Content to suffer while we know,
  Living and dying, Thou art near!



- 1 Light of life, seraphic fire,
  Love divine, Thyself impart.
  Every fainting soul inspire,
  Enter every drooping heart
- 2 Every mournful sinner cheer, Scatter all our guilty gloom; Father! in Thy grace appear! To Thy human temples come.
- 3 Come in this accepted hour!
  Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
  Fill us with Thy glorious power,
  Rooting out the seeds of sin.
- 4 Nothing more can we require,
  We will covet nothing less;
  Be Thou all our heart's desire,
  All our joy, and all our peace.

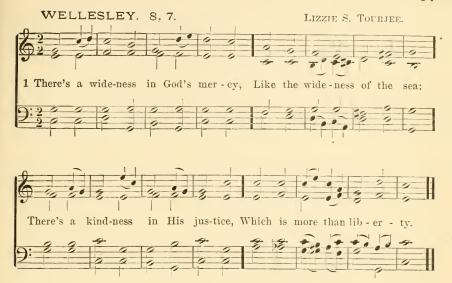
CHAS. WESLEY.

86



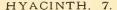
- 1 The suffering child with an unerring trust, Clings to the one who loves him most; The mother touch alone can still his cry, The mother love alone his needs supply.
- 2 How oft have we, children of riper years, Longed to regain the trust that calms all fears, Grown wise in error's ways, our trusts then seem As baseless as the fabric of a dream.
- 3 Despairing hearts, the voice of Love calls clear:
  Turn to the Light; thy help, thy strengh is near
  Come as the child comes; by thy trusting. prove
  That God, the source of Life and Truth, is Love.

  M. M. C. S. B.



- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good; There is mercy with the Savior; There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
  Than the measure of man's mind;
  And the heart of the Eternal
  Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
  We should take Him at His word;
  And our lives would be all sunshine
  In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.





- 2 "I delivered thee when bound, And, when bleeding, healed thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee 19ght, Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care Cease towards the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging Love, Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Overcoming fear of death.
- 4 "Thou shalt reach My glory soon, When thy work of love is done; Partner of My throne shalt be; Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

OWPER.





- 1 Ofairest, born of Love and Light!
  Yet bending brow and eye severe,
  On all which pains Thy holy sight,
  Or wounds Thy pure and perfect ear;
- 2 Beneath Thy broad, impartial eye,
  How fade the lines of caste and birth;
  How equal in their sufferings lie,
  The groaning multitudes of earth!
- 3 In holy words which cannot die,
  In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
  Christ, give Thy message from on high,
  Thy mission to a world of woe.
- 4 That voice's echo hath not died;
  From the blue lake of Galilee,
  From Tabor's lonely mountain side
  It calls a struggling world to Thee.

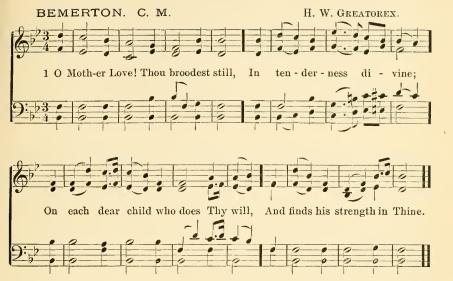
WHITTIER.





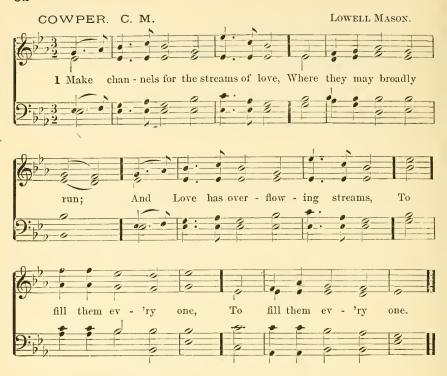
- Love is and was my Lord and King,
   And in His presence I attend,
   To hear the tidings of my Friend,
   Which every hour His couriers bring.
- 2 Love is and was my King and Lord.
  And will be, though as yet I keep
  Within His court on earth to sleep,
  Encompassed by His faithful guard.
- 3 And hear at times a sentinel,
  Who moves about from place to place,
  And whispers to the worlds of space,
  In the deep night, that all is well.

TENNYSON.



- Oh Mother Love! Thou broodest still,
   In tenderness divine;
   On each dear child who does Thy will,
   And finds his strength in Thine.
- 2 The feathers of Thy bosom warm, His covering shall be, When snare of fowler waits to harn And shut him out from Thee.
- 3 The angels of Thy watchful care Are round about Thine own; They triumph over human fear, And trust in Thee alone.
- When hatred flies its poisoned dart
   And clouds of terror lower,
   They nestle closer to Thy heart,
   Thy Truth their shield and power.

Ps. zci. J. C. W.

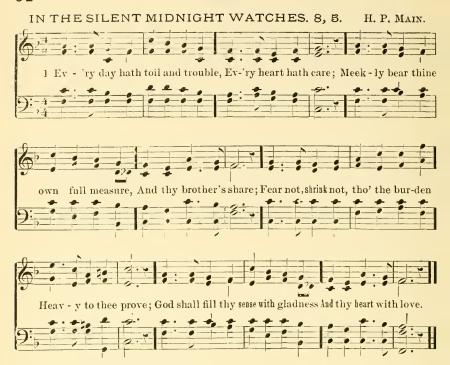


- Make channels for the streams of love, Where they may broadly run;
   And Love has over-flowing streams, To fill them every one.
- 2 But if, at any time, we cease
  Such channels to provide,
  The very founts of love for us
  Will soon be parched and dried.
- 3 For we must share, if we would keep That blessing from above; Ceasing to give, we cease to have; Such is the law of love.

FRENCH.

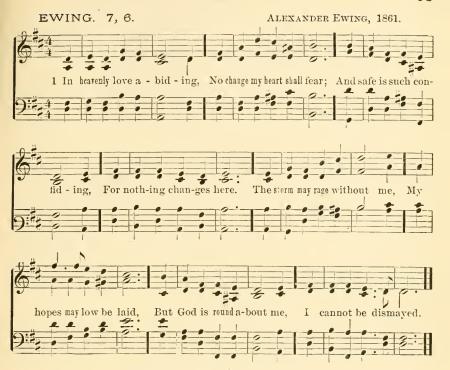


- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving
  Spirit
  Into every troubled breast!
  Let us all in Thee inherit,
  Let us find that second rest.
  Take away our bent to sinning;
  Alpha and Omega be;
  End of faith, as its beginning,
  Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
  Let us all Thy life receive;
  Suddenly return, and never,
  Never more Thy temples
  leave:
- Thee we would be always blessing,
  Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
  Pray, and praise Thee without
  ceasing,
  Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then Thy new creation;
  Pure and spotless let us be;
  Let us see Thy great salvation,
  Perfectly restored in Thee:
  Changed from glory into glory,
  Till in heaven we take our place,
  Till we cast our crowns before
  Thee,
  Lost, in wonder, love, and



- 2 Patiently enduring, ever
  Let thy spirit be,
  Bound by links that cannot sever
  To Humanity,
  Labor, wait! thy Master perished
  Ere His task was done;
  Count not lost thy fleeting moments
  Life hath but begun.
- 3 Labor, wait! though midnight shadows,
  Gather round thee here,
  And the storm above thee lowering
  Fill thy heart with fear:
  Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
  When the night is gone,
  And a peaceful rest awaits thee
  When thy work is done.

  BAILY.



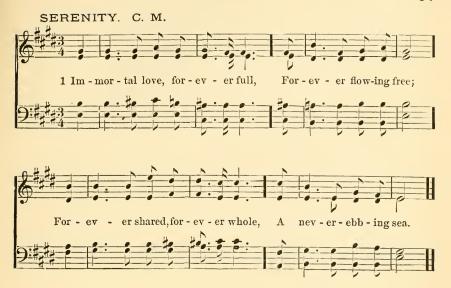
- Wherever He may guide me,
  No want shall bring me back;
  My Shepherd is beside me,
  And nothing shall I lack.
  His wisdom ever waketh,
  His sight is never dim;
  He knows the path He taketh,
  And I will walk with Him,
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
  Which yet I have not seen;
  Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
  Where darkest clouds have been
  My hope I cannot measure,
  My path in life is free;
  My Father has my treasure,
  And He will walk with me.

  ANNA L. WARING,



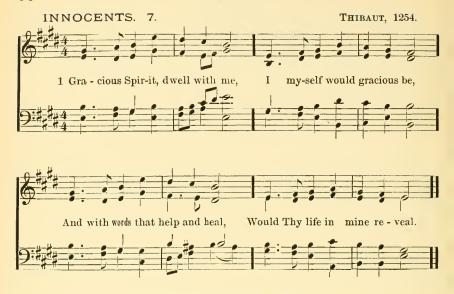
- 1 Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou Hast power to aid or bless; Whose aching heart or burning brow Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor, Whose eye with want is dim;O enter thou his humble door, With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup When sorrow drowns the brim; With words of high, sustaining hope, Go thou and comfort him.

WM, B. O. PEABODY.

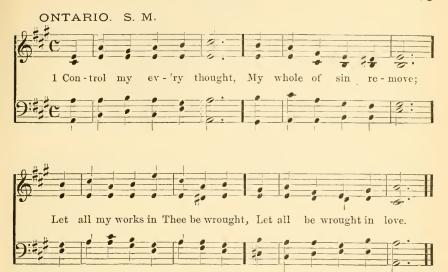


- Immortal love forever full,
   Forever flowing free,
   Forever shared, forever whole,
   A never-ebbing sea.
- 2 Our outward lips confess the name, All other names above; But love alone knows whence it came, And comprehendeth love.
- 3 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow The mists of earth away; Shine out, O Light divine, and show How wide and far we stray.
- 4 The letter fails, the systems fall
  And every symbol wanes;
  The Spirit over-brooding all,
  Eternal Love remains.

  John G. Whittier,



- 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,I myself would truthful be,And Thy wisdom kind and clearLet Thy life in mine appear.
- 3 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me, I myself would mighty be; Mighty so as to prevail, Where unaided man must fail
- 4 Holy Spirit, dwell with me, I myself would holy be, Separate from sin, I would Choose and cherish all things good.
- 5 Let my actions, brave and meek, Christ's own gracious Spirit, speak, Ever let this glorious hope Press me on and bear me up.

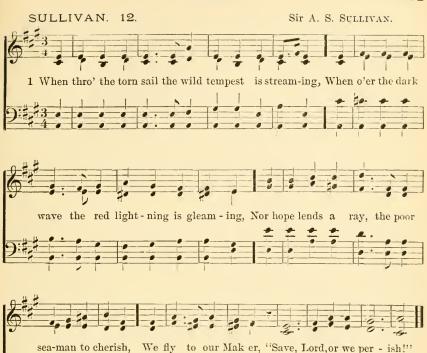


- 1 Control my every thought,
  My whole of sin remove;
  Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
  Let all be wrought in love.
- 2 O arm me with the mind,Meek Lamb, that was in Thee;And let my knowing zeal be joinedWith perfect charity.
- 3 O may I love like Thee!
  In all Thy footsteps tread;
  Thou hatest all uniquity,
  But nothing Thou hast made.
- 4 O may I learn the art
  With meekness to reprove;
  To hate the sin with all my heart,
  But still the sinner love.

CHARLES WESLEY.



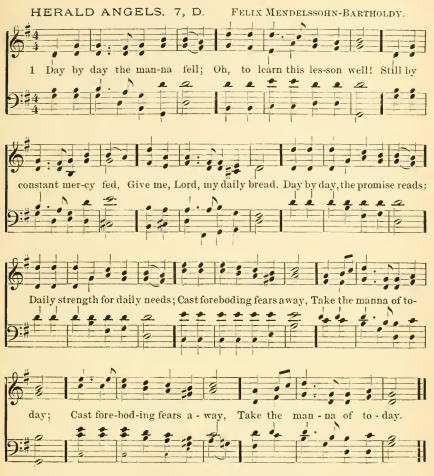
- 2 Come, Thou all-gracious God,
  By heaven and earth adored,
  Our prayer attend!
  Come, and Thy children bless;
  Give Thy word sure success;
  Let Thine own holiness
  On us descend.
- 3 Thou, Who did'st come to bring, On Thy redeeming wing,
  Healing and sight!
  Health to the sick in mind,
  Light to the inly blind,
  Oh, now to all mankind
  Let there be light!
  Wesley, 1757.



- 2 O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the billow, Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow, Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish, Who cries in his anguish "Save, Lord, or we perish!"
- 3 And, Oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
  When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
  Arise in Thy strength Thy redeemed to cherish;
  Rebuke the destroyer, "Save, Lord, or we perish!"
  REGINALD HEBER.



2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love;
Thy nature be my law,
My spotless sanctity
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee.



2 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would mould my will to Thine.
Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill
Not my own, my Father's will.

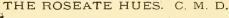


- 2 Make us of one heart and mind, Courteous, pitiful, and kind; Lowly, meek, in thought and word, Altogether like our Lord: To Thy church the pattern give; Show how true believers live.
- 3 Let us for each other care; Each the other's burden bear; Free from anger and from pride, We will thus in God abide; All the depths of love express, All the heights of holiness.

CHAS. WESLEY.



- We will listen for Thy voice, Lest our footsteps stray;We will follow and rejoice, All the rugged way.
- 3 Thou wilt bind the stubborn will, Wound the callous breast, Make self-righteousness be still, Break earth's stupid rest.
- 4 Strangers on a barren shore,
  Laboring long and lone—
  We would enter by the door,
  And Thou know'st Thine own.
- 5 So when day grows dark and cold,
   Fear or triumph's harms,
   Lead Thy lambkins to the fold,
   Take us in Thine arms.
- 6 Feed the hungry, heal the heart,
  Till the morning's beam;
  White as wool, ere we depart—
  Shepherd, wash us clean.
  Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy,





2 O Christ, Who for Thy flock didst That all might be as one, [pray.] Unite us all ere fades the day, Thou Sole-Begotten Son;

The East, the West, together bind In love's unbroken chain;

Give each one hope, one heart one One glory and one gain. [mind,

3 O Spirit, Lord of light and life, The Church with strength renew, Compose the angry voice of strife, All jealousies subdue:

Do Thou in ever-quickening streams Upon Thy saints descend,

And warm them with reviving beams And guide them to the end.

4 Great Three in One, great One in Three, Our hymns of prayer receive, And teach us all from sin to flee, And live as we believe; [speech

So, pure in faith, our thoughts and And acts that faith. shall own; So shall we Thy presence reach,

And know as we are known.





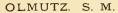
- 1 Faithful Shepherd, feed me In the pastures green;Faithful Shepherd, lead me Where Thy steps are seen.
- 2 Hold me fast, and guide meIn the narrow way;So with Thee beside me,I shall never stray.
- 3 Hallow every pleasure,
  Every gift and pain;
  Be Thyself my treasure,
  Though none else I gain.
- 4 Day by day prepare me
  As Thou seest best;
  Then let angels bear me
  To Thy promised rest.

  Rev. T. B. Pollock, abr.



- 1 O grant, dear Lord, this prayer to me, That I may know the Truth in Thee; Onward through night, I seek the way, Guide Thou my steps to perfect day.
- 2 O may I know, that I am Thine, Thine own pure thought, O Truth Divine, Thy Light, Thy Love shall conquer strife, And give me peace in Thee, my Life.

F. A. F.



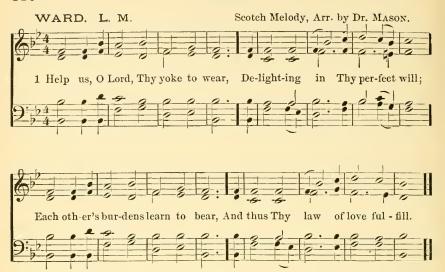
Arr. by Dr. Mason.





- Teach us Thy way, O God;
   Thine is a pleasant way,
   Through pastures green, by waters still
   Our feet would gladly stray.
- 2 Thine is a living way,In death it has no part;From fear of all disease and sinIt will relieve the heart.
- 3 The Spirit's sweet control,
  Freely we will confess;
  Fly to Thine outstretched arms of love,
  And there find health and rest.
- 4 No ravenous beast is there; Thy way gives blest release From every raging, savage foe; Its name is Holiness.

M. J. H. ZINK,



- Help us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
   Delighting in Thy perfect will;
   Each other's burdens learn to bear,
   And thus Thy law of love fulfill.
- 2 He that hath pity on the poor Lendeth his substance to the Lord; And, lo! his recompense is sure, For more than all shall be restored.
- 3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
  As Thou hast blest our various store,
  From our abundance to impart
  A liberal portion to the poor.
- 4 To Thee, our all devoted be,
  In whom we breathe, and move, and live:
  Freely we have received from Thee;
  Freely may we rejoice to give.
  THOMAS COTTERILL.

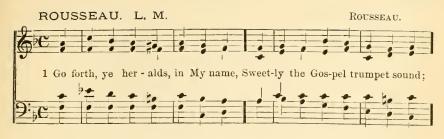


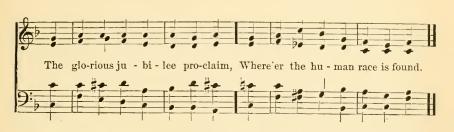
- 1 Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy love is seeking me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O loving God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and fears without, O loving God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
  Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve;
  Because Thy promise I believe,
  O loving God, I come! I come!

  Hymns of the Spirit.

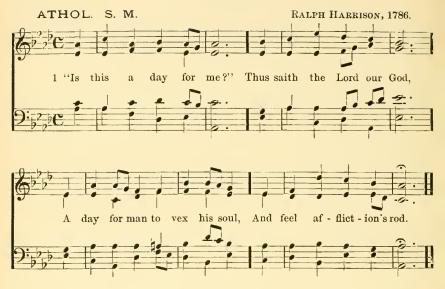


- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy love can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; Death lost in life, my Lord, abides with me!



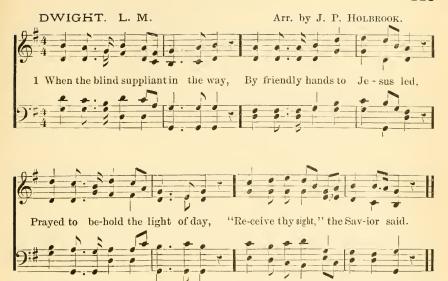


- 1 Go forth, ye heralds, in My name,
  Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
  The glorious jubilee proclaim,
  Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
  And teach them where salvation lies;
  With care bind up the broken heart,
  And wipe the tears from weeeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
  But harmless as a peaceful dove;
  And let your heaven-taught conductshow
  Ye are commissioned from above.
- 4 Freely from Me, ye have received,
  Freely, in love, to others give;
  Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
  And, by your labors, sinners live.
  J. LOGAN.



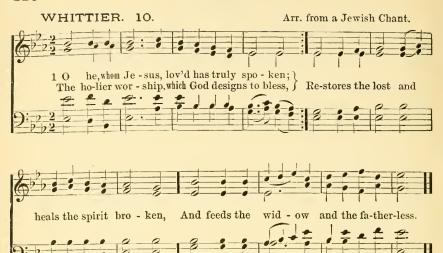
- 1 "Is this a day for me?"Thus saith the Lord our God,A day for man to vex his soul,And feel affliction's rod.
- 2 No, is not this alone,The sacred fast I choose,Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,The bonds of guilt to loose.
- 3 To nakedness and want
  Your food and raiment deal,
  To dwell in harmony with all,
  And sin and sickness heal.
- 4 Then, like the morning ray,
  Shall spring your health and light;
  Before you righteousness shall shine,
  Behind, My glory bright.

DRUMMOND.



- 1 When the blind suppliant in the way,
  By friendly hands to Jesus led,
  Prayed to behold the light of day,
  "Receive thy sight," the Savior said.
- 2 At once he saw the pleasant rays
  That lit the glorious firmament;
  And, with firm step and words of praise,
  He followed where the Master went.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, we pray,
  On eyes oppressed by moral night,
  And touch the darkened lids, and say
  The gracious words, "Receive thy sight."
- 4 Then, in clear daylight, shall we see
  Where walked the sinless Son of God;
  And, aided by new strength from Thee,
  Press onward in the path He trod.

  WM. C. BRYANT.



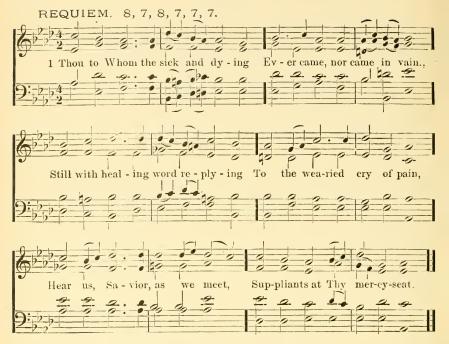
- 1 O he, whom Jesus loved, has truly spoken,
  The holier worship, which God designs to bless,
  Restores the lost and heals the spirit broken,
  And feeds the widow and the fatherless.
- 2 Then, brother-man, fold to thy heart thy brother;
  For where God dwells, the peace of God is there;
  To worship rightly is to love each other,
  Each smile a hymn, and kindly deed a prayer.
- 3 Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
  Of Him, whose holy works was doing good;
  So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
  Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
- 4 Thus shall all shackles fall, the stormy clangor
  Of wild war, music o'er the earth shall cease;
  Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
  And, in its ashes, plant the tree of peace.

WHITTIER.

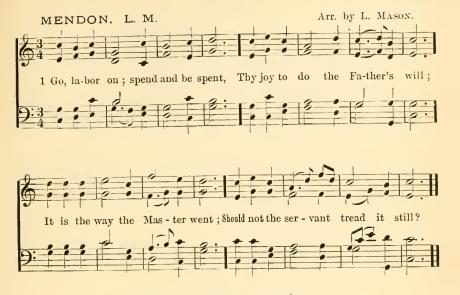


- Beneath the thick, but breaking cloud, We talk of Christian life;
  The words of Jesus on our lips, Our hearts with man at strife.
  Traditions, forms, and selfish aims, Have dimmed the inner light,
  Have closely veiled the spirit world. And angels from our sight.
- 2 Strong souls and willing hands we need,
  Our temple to repair,
  Remove the gathering dust of years,
  And show the model fair;
  We slumber while the present calls,
  And darkness grows with rest;
  Would'st see the truth? To actions wake,
  To do Divine behest.

Anon.

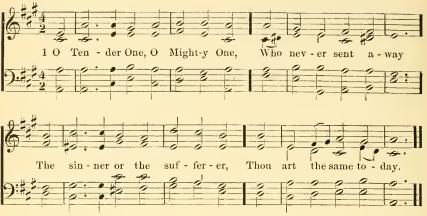


- 2 Still the weary, sick, and dying Need a brother's, sister's care, On Thy higher help relying May we now their burden share, Bringing all our offerings meet Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 May each child of Thine be willing,
  Willing both in hand and heart,
  At the law of love fulfilling,
  Ever comfort to impart;
  Ever bringing offerings meet,
  Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.
- 4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
  To Thy healing virtue yield;
  Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
  Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
  One in Thee together meet
  Pardon at Thy judgement-seat.



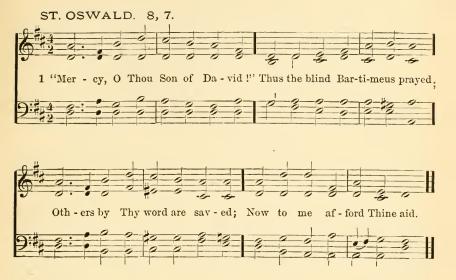
- 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
  Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
  Men heed Thee, love Thee, praise Thee not;
  The Master praises—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
  Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
  Yet falter not; the prize you seek
  Is near—a kingdom and a crown!
- 4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
  Be wise the erring soul to win;
  Go forth into the world's highway;
  Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
  For toil comes rest, for exile home;
  Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
  The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"
  HOBATICS BONAR.

ST. TIMOTHY. C. M.



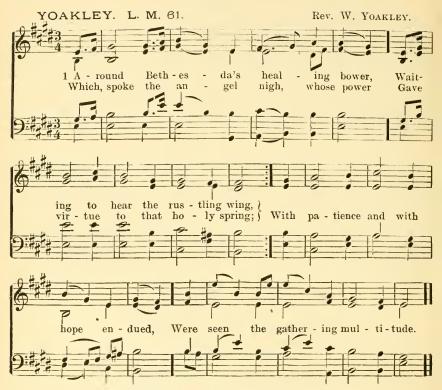
- 2 The same in Love, the same in Power, And Thou art waiting, still,To heal the multitudes that come, Yea, "whosoever will."
- 3 We know Thee, blessed Savior,
  Who hast "filled us with good things;"
  Thou hast risen in our land,
  With healing in Thy wings.
- 4 Thou hast risen on our hearts,
  With light and life divine;
  Now bid us be Thy messengers,
  Bid us "Arise and shine."
- 5 Oh, let Thy Spirit fire our zeal, That we may now "send out,"And tell that Thou art come"In all the country round about."
- 6 That Thou art waiting now to heal,
  That Thou art strong to save,
  That Thou hast spoilt the spoiler, Death,
  And triumphed o'er the grave.

  Frances R Havergal.



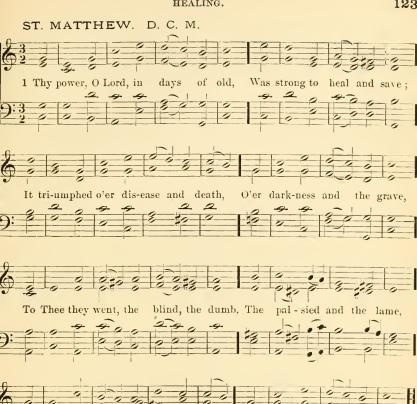
- 2 Many for his crying, chid him,But he called the louder still,Till the gracious Savior bid him,Come and ask Me what you will.
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
  Though by begging used to live;
  But he asked, and Jesus granted
  Alms which none but He could give,
- 5 Lord, remove this grievous blindness,Let my eyes behold the day;Straight he saw and, won by kindness,Followed Jesus in the way.
- 5 Oh! that all the blind but knew Him.
  And would be advised by me;
  Surely they would hasten to Him,
  He would cause them all to see.

  Newton.



- 1 Around Bethesda's healing bower, Waiting to hear the rustling wing; Which, spoke the angel nigh, whose power Gave virtue to that holy spring; With patience and with hope endued, Were seen the gathering multitude.
- 2 Had they who watched and waited there,
  Been conscious of the healing thought,
  With what unceasing, anxious care
  Would they that quickening flood have sought,
  And with what fervency of soul,
  The power divine to make them whole.

Unknown.



2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and 3 Thou art our great Deliverer still, health, Thou Lord o'er life and death; sight; Gave speech, and strength, and Restore and quicken, soothe and

his taint - ed life.

And youth renew'd and frenzy calm'd Owned Thee, the Lord of light; And now, O Lord, be near to bless.

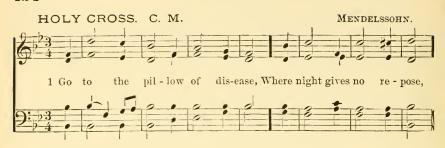
Almighty as of yore,

In crowded street, by restless couch, As by Gennesareth's shore.

With Thy almighty breath; [bless To hands that work and eyes that see Give wisdom's heavenly lore, The sick made whole, the weak made strong,

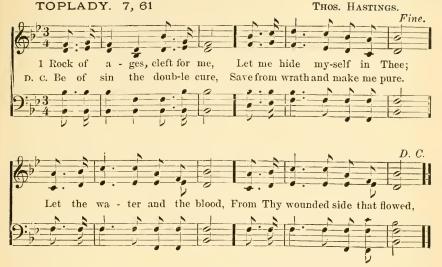
The sick with fe - vered frame.

May praise Thee evermore.



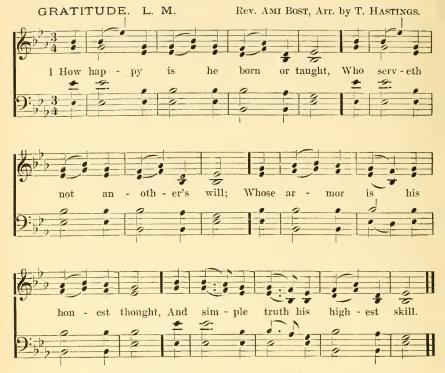


- 1 Go to the pillow of disease, Where night gives no repose, And on the cheek where sickness preys, Bid health to plant the rose.
- 2 Go where the friendless stranger lies,To perish is his doom;Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,And bring his blessing home.
- 3 Thus, what our heavenly Father gave
  Shall we as freely give;
  Thus copy Him, who lived to save,
  And teach us how to live.



- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee: Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 3 Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not atone: Thou must save, and Thou alone: In my hand no price I bring; Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne Rock of Ages, cleft for me, \* et me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, alt



- 1 How happy is he born or taught, Who serveth not another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his highest skill.
- 2 Who God doth late and early pray
  More of His grace than goods to lend;
  And walks with man, from day to day,
  As with a brother and a friend.
- 3 This man is freed from servile bands
  Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
  Lord of himself and not of lands,
  And having nothing, yet hath all.
  Sir. Henry WOTTON.



2 Blinded and dull
With selfish sin,
Have I been sitting at the gate,
Called Beautiful.

Where Thy fair angel stands and waits With hand upon the lock to let me in.

3 Was I the wall, Which barred the way,

Darkening the glory of Thy grace,

Hiding the ray, Thich, shining out as from

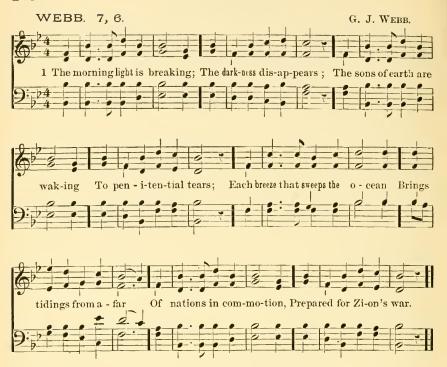
Which, shining out as from Thy face
Had shown to other men the perfect day?

4 Let me not sit,

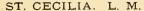
Another hour

Waiting, what is mine all to win Blinded in wit;

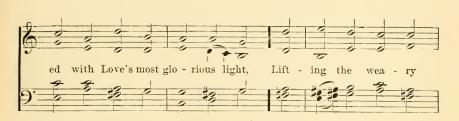
Lord Jesus, rend these walls of sin,
Beat down the gate that I may enter it.
Sugan Coolider.



- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
  In many a gentle shower,
  And brighter scenes before us
  Are opening every hour;
  Each prayer to heaven going,
  Abundant answers brings,
  And heavenly gales are blowing,
  With peace upon their wings.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
  Pursue thy onward way;
  Flow thou to every nation.
  Nor in thy richness stay;
  Stay not till all the lowly
  Triumphant reach their home;
  Stay not till all the holy
  Proclaim, "The Lord is come."
  S. F. EMITH.

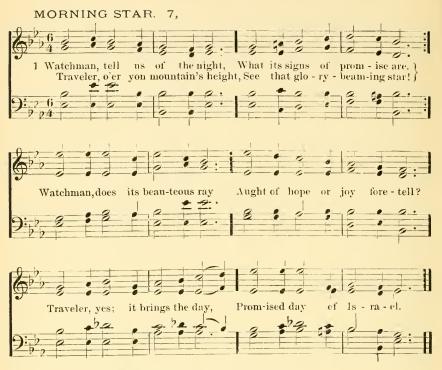




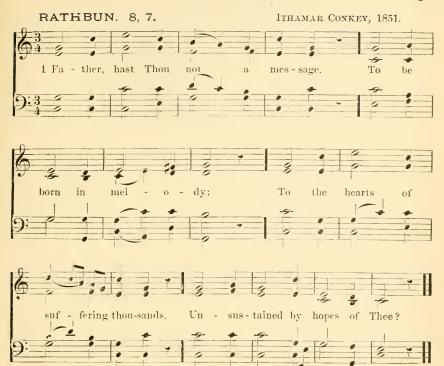




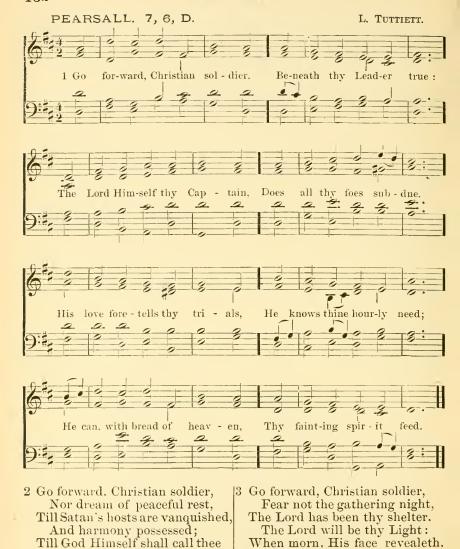
- 1 Beautiful thoughts, our angels bright, Crowned with Love's most glorious light, Lifting the weary into rest, And the wayward unto the Blest.
- 2 Beautiful thoughts, our angels fair, Shining to brighten, bless, and cheer, Lighting us upward to the light, Bringing morning after the night.
- 3 Beautiful thoughts are angels here, Gifts of the Spirit, priceless, dear, Stay with us ever, change this strife To peace, to harmony and life.



- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night!
  Higher yet that star ascends;
  Traveler, blessedness and light,
  Peace and truth, its course portends!
  Watchman, will its beams alone
  Gild the spot that gave them birth?
  Traveler, ages are its own.
  Lo! it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
  For the morning seems to dawn!
  Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
  Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
  Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
  Hie thee to thy quiet home!
  For behold! the Prince of peace,
  Lo! the Son of God is come!
  BOWRING.



- 1 Father, hast Thou not a message,To be born in melody,To the hearts of suffering thousands;Unsustained by hopes of Thee?
- 2 Low down in each heart are longings, That to song, responsive spring;Songs of heaven, I long to sing them, That they may with gladness ring.
- 3 Lord, Thou didst inspire the prophets, I would follow and serve Thee; Patiently I listen! might not Seraphs whisper them to me?



To lay thy armor by,

And wear, in endless glory,

The crown of victory.

L. TUTTIETT.

Thy dangers all are past;

It holds thee to the last.

And nought His love concealeth,

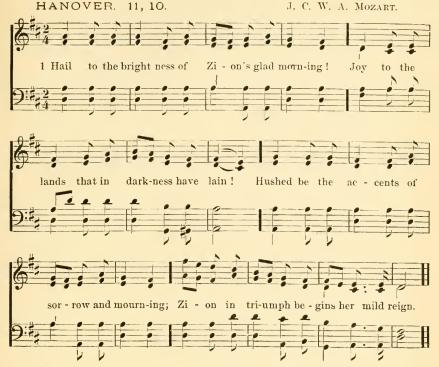


- We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
   Deep as the soundless sea
   Which falls like sunshine all abroad
   On those who trust in Thee.
- We ask not, Father, for repose,
   That comes from outward rest,If we may have through all life's woesThy peace within our breast.
- 3 A peace that flows serene and deep,
  A river in the soul,
  Whose banks a living verdure keep,
  God's sunshine o'er the whole.
  Norcross.



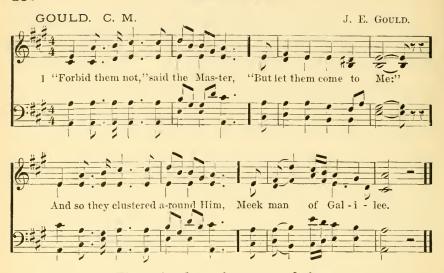
- 1 Teach me on Thee to wait,
  Till I can all things do,
  On Thee, Almighty to create
  Almighty to renew.
- 2 I rest upon Thy word;The promise is for me;My succor and salvation, Lord,Shall surely come from Thee.
- 3 If done beneath Thy laws,
  E'en servile labors shine;
  Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
  The meanest work divine.

  George Herbert.



- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion,s glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold; Hail to the millions from bondage returning; Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
  Streams ever copious are gliding along;
  Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
  Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
  Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
  Fallen are the engines of war and commotion
  Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

  THOS. HARTINGS.



- 2 They missed not the pomp and glory,
  To older hearts so dear;
  For they caught the cadence of heaven,
  In tones so true and clear.
- 3 They saw the wonderful city,
  Whose streets were glistening gold;
  For they saw the beatific vision
  Of shepherd, flock and fold.
- 4 He gathered them in His bosom
  Safe from sorrow and sin,
  Into that heavenly kingdom,
  And discords come not in.
- 5 Again Christ's Spirit is brooding,
  Over our weary world,
  The banners of peace are flying,
  Not again to be furled.
- 6 And again the little children,
  Loving and pure and young,
  Are singing the grand old anthem,
  The stars of morning sung.

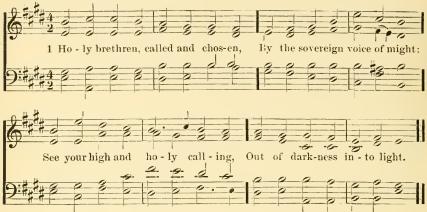
  JOSEPHINE C. WOODBURY.



- Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
   When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
   Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
   Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
- 2 So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
  When the soul waketh and earth's shadows flee;
  Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
  Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

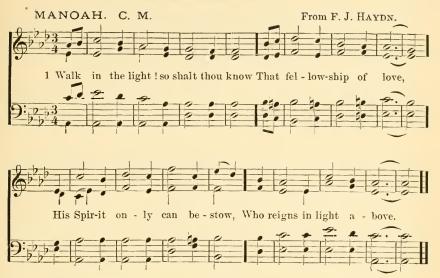
  HARRIET B. STOWE.





- 2 Called according to His purpose,
  And the riches of His Love;
  Won to listen, by the leading
  Of the gentle, Heavenly Dove,
- 3 Called to suffer with our Master, Patiently to run His race; Called a blessing to inherit, Called to holiness and grace.
- 4 Called to fellowship with Jesus, By the Ever-faithful One; Called to His eternal glory To the kingdom of His Son.
- 5 Whom He calleth, He preserveth, And His glory they shall see; He is faithful that hath called you, He will do it, fear not ye.
- 6 Therefore, holy brethren, onward!
  Thus ye make your calling sure;
  For the prize of this high calling,
  Bravely to the end endure.

  Frances R. Havergal.



- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His, Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away, Because that light hath on thee shone In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peaceful, serene, and bright:
  For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
  And God Himself is light.

  Bernard Barton.



- 2 The hopes that holy word supplies, Its truths divine and precepts wise, In each a heavenly beam I see, And every beam conducts to Thee.
- 3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail, The moon forget her nightly tale, And deepest silence hush on high The radiant chorus of the sky.
- 4 But, fixed for everlasting years,
  Unmoved amid the wrecks of spheres,
  Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
  When heaven and earth have passed away.

Sir R. GRANT.

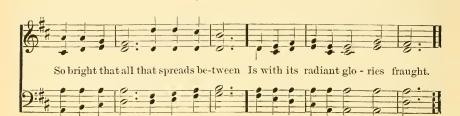


- 1 I shall awake! however dread
  The shadows of the coming night;
  Uprising from my dreamless bed,
  I shall again behold the light.
  - 2 I shall awake! not of the earth,
    Whose ways with erring feet I've trod;
    But fashioned by a glorious birth.
    Into the image of my God!
- 3 I shall awake! no more to crave
  With constant longing, still denied.
  The good I covet I shall have;
  With Christ I shall be satisfied.
  H. M. G. in "Zion's Herald."

WILLIAMS. L. M.

Arr. from Temple Carmina.





- 1 There is a land mine eye hath seen,In visions of enraptured thought,So bright that all that spreads betweenIs with its radiant glories fraught.
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore,
   There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
   Where sin and sorrow vex no more,
   Eden is found on earth again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
  With varying hues of shade and light;
  It hath no need of suns to rise
  To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind,
  Across that calm serene abode;
  All wanderers there a home may find,
  Within that paradise of God.

GURDON ROBINS.



- 1 He liveth long who liveth well,
  All other life is short and vain;
  He liveth longest who can tell
  Of living most for heavenly gain.
- 2 He liveth long who liveth well,
  All else is life but flung away;
  He liveth longest who can tell
  Of true things truly done each day.
- 3 Then fill the hours with what will last;
  Buy up the moments as they go;
  The life above, when this is past,
  Is the ripe fruit of life below.

H. BONAR.



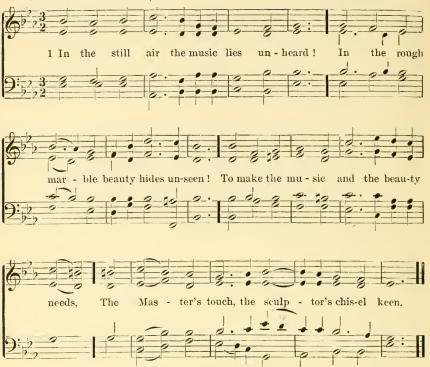
- 1 Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God; The secret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
  He doth Himself impart,
  And for His temple and His throne
  Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we Thy presence seek, May ours this blessing be;
  O give the pure and lowly heart,
  A temple meet for Thee.

Rev. JNO. KEBLE, 1819.



- 2 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end and way;
  But to act that each to-morrow
  Finds us further than to-day.
  Lives of true men all remind us,
  We can make our lives sublime;
  And, departing, leave behind us
  Foot-prints on the sands of time.
- 3 Foot-prints, which, perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
  A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing shall take heart again.
  Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
  Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.
  LONGFELLOW.

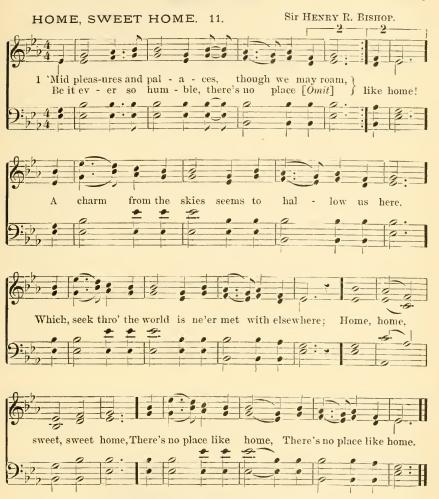
## ST. SACRAMENT, 10.



- 1 In the still air the music lies unheard! In the rough marble beauty hides unseen. To make the music and the beauty needs, The Master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen,
- 2 Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand, Let not the music that is in us die; Great Sculptor, hew and polish us: nor let Hidden and Lost, Thy form within us lie!
- 3 Spare not the stroke! do with us as Thou wilt.

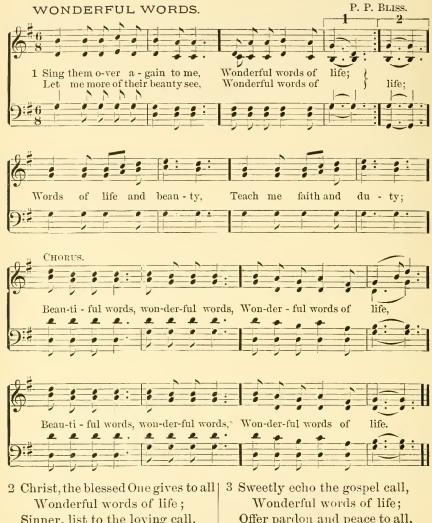
  Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
  Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
  Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord.

  H. Bonar,



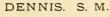
2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Oh, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, etc.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.



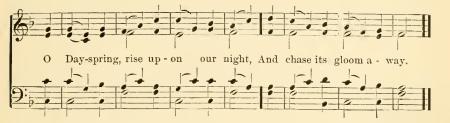
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life;
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven—Cho.

Wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life;
Wonderful words of life;
Jesus, only Savior,
Sanctify forever.—Cho.
P. P. BLISS.



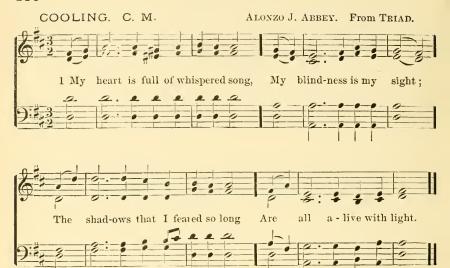
H. G. NAGELI.





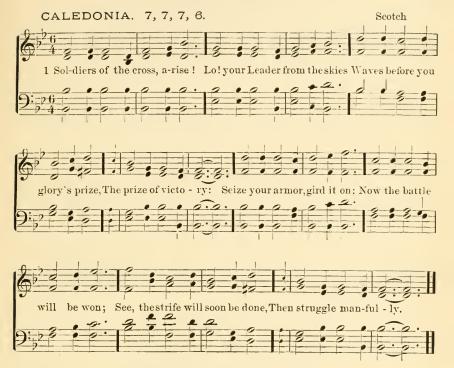
- 1 This is the day of light:
   Let there be light to-day;O Day-spring. rise upon our night,
   And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest,Our failing strength renew;On weary brain and troubled breastShed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace:
  Thy peace our spirits fill
  Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease
  The waves of strife be still
- 4 This is the first of days:
  Send forth Thy quickening Breath,
  And wake dead souls to love and praise
  O Vanquisher of death.

  J. ELLEBTON.



- 1 My heart is full of whispered song,
   My blindness is my sight;
   The shadows that I feared so long
   Are all alive with light.
- 2 The while my pulses faintly beat,My faith doth so abound,I feel grow firm beneath my feet,The green, immortal ground.
- 3 That Faith to me a courage gives
  Low as the grave to go;
  I know that my Redeemer lives,
  And that I live I know.
- 4 The parace walls I almost see.

  Where dwells my Lord and King;
  O grave, where is thy victory?
  O death, where is thy sting?



- 2 Now the fight of faith begin, Be no more the slaves of sin, Strive the victor's palm to win, Trusting in the Lord: Gird ye on the armor bright, Warriors of the King of light. Never yield, nor lose by flight Your divine reward.
- 3 Jesus conquered when He fell, Met and vanquished death and hell: Now He leads you on to swell

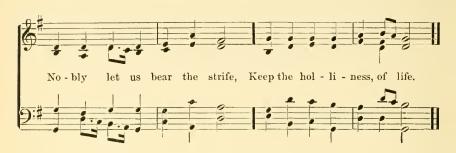
The triumphs of His cross.

Though all earth and hell appear, Who will doubt, or who can fear? God, our strength and shield, is near;

We cannot lose our cause.

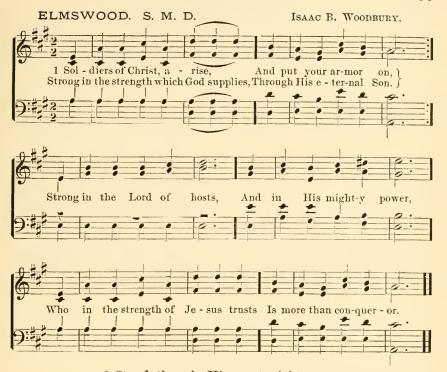
4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God! Jesus points the victor's rod: Follow where your Leader trod: You soon shall see His face. Soon your enemies all slain. Crowns of glory you shall gain. Soon you'll join that glorious train Who shout their Savior's praise. JARED B. WATERBURY.



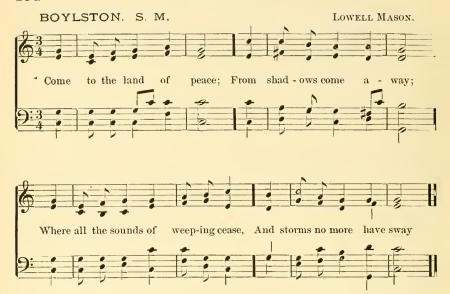


- 1 Partners of a glorious hope!
  Lift your hearts and voices up;
  Nobly let us bear the strife,
  Keep the holiness, of Life.
- 2 Still forget the things behind, Follow God in heart and mind, To the mark unwearied press, Seize the crown of righteousness.
- 3 In our lives our faith be known,
  Faith by holy actions shown;
  Faith that mountains can remove,
  Faith that always works by love.

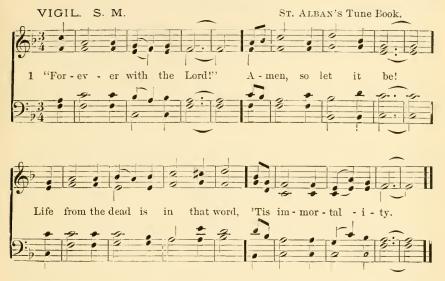
  Wesleyan.



- 2 Stand, then, in His great might,
  With all His strength endued;
  But take, to arm you for the fight,
  The panoply of God:
  That, having all things done,
  And all your conflicts passed,
  Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone.
  And stand entire at last.
- 3 Leave no unguarded place,
  No weakness of the soul;
  Take every virtue, every grace,
  And fortify the whole:
  Indissolubly joined,
  To battle all proceed;
  But arm yourselves with all the mind
  That was in Christ, your Head.
  CHAS. WESLEY,

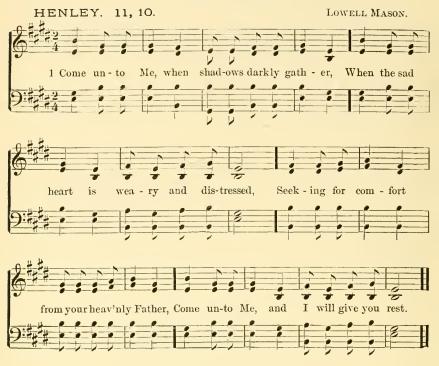


- Come to the land of peace;
   From shadows come away;
   Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
   And storms no more have sway.
- 2 Fear hath no dwelling here;But pure repose and loveBreathe through the bright, celestial airThe spirit of the dove.
- 3 Come to the bright and blest, Gathered from every land; For here thy soul shall find its rest Amidst the shining band.
- 4 In this divine abode
  Change leaves no saddening trace;
  Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
  Thy holy resting-place.



- 2 Here in the body pent,
  Absent from Thee I roam,
  Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
  A day's march nearer home.
- 3 "Forever with the Lord!"
  Father, if 'tis Thy will,
  The promise of Thy faithful word,
  E'en now and here fulfill.
- 4 So when my latest breath
  Shall rend the veil in twain,
  By life I have escaped from death,
  And love eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,
  How do I love that word,
  And oft repeat before Thy throne,
  "Forever with the Lord!"

  J. MONTGOMERY.



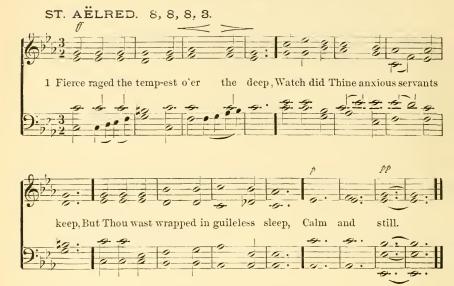
- 1 Come unto Me, when shadows darkly gather,
  When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
  Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
  Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.
- 2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim; Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
- 3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
  Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
  Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
  Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

  Mrs. Catherine H. Esling.



- God's glory is a wondrous thing,
   Most strange in all its ways,
   And, of all things on earth, least like
   What men agree to praise.
- 2 Muse on His justice, downcast soul, Muse, and take better heart; Back with thine angel to the field, And bravely do thy part.
- 3 For Truth is Truth, and God is Good;
  And Truth the day must win;
  To doubt would be disloyalty,
  To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849,



- 1 Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anxious servants keep, But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep, Calm and still.
- 2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,"O save us in our agony!"Thy word above the storm rose high,"Peace, be still."
- 3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
  The sullen billows ceased to leap,
  At Thy will.
- 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
  And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
  Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
  "Peace, be still."



- We wait in faith, and turn our face
   To where the daylight springs,Till He shall come, earth's gloom to chase,With healing on His wings.
- 3 And even now, amid the gray,
  The east is brightening fast,
  And kindling to that perfect day,
  Which never shall be past.
- 4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer, Till that blest day shall shine. When earth shall fruits of Eden bear, And all, O God, be Thine.
- 5 O guide us till our night is done! Until, from shore to shore, Thou Lord, our everlasting sun, Art shining evermore.

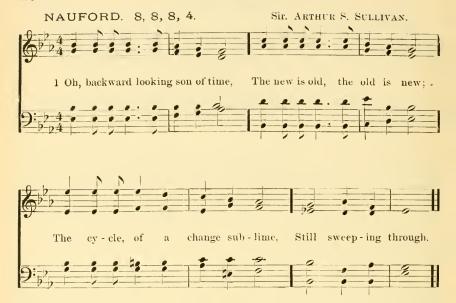
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1848.



- 2 That all of good the past hath had Remains to make our own time glad, Our common, daily life divine, And every land a Palestine.
- 3 Through the harsh noises of our day. A low, sweet prelude finds its way; Thro' clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear, A light is breaking calm and clear.
- 4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more For olden time and holier shore:
  God's love and blessing, then and there Are now, and here, and everywhere.
  J. G. WHITTER,

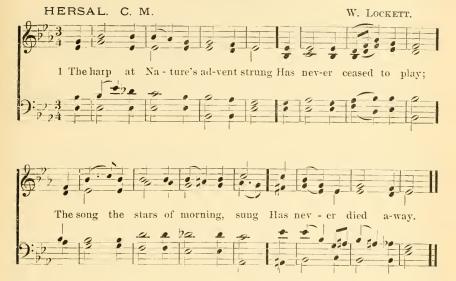


- 1 Abide not in the realm of dreams,
  O man, however fair it seems;
  But with clear eye the present scan,
  And hear the call of God and man.
- 2 Think not in sleep to fold thy hands, Forgetful of thy Lord's commands; From duty's claims no life is free, Behold, to-day hath need of Thee!
- 3 While the day lingers, do thy best; Full soon the night will bring its rest And, duty done, that rest shall be Full of beatitudes to thee.



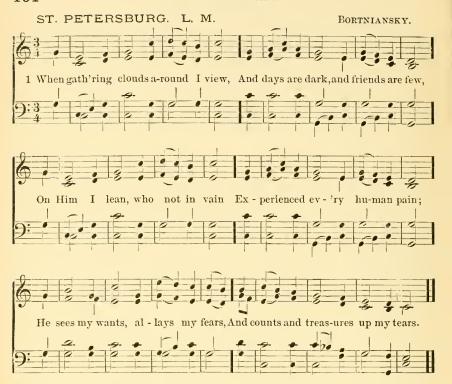
- Oh, backward looking son of time,
   The new is old, the old is new;
   The cycle of a change sublime
   Still sweeping through.
- 2 Take heart! the Master builds again, A charmed life old Goodness hath; The tares may perish, but the grain Is not for death.
- 3 God works in all things, all obey
  His first propulsion from the night;
  Ho, wake and watch! the world is gray
  With morning light!

J. G. WHITTIER.



- The harp at Nature's advent strung
   Has never ceased to play;
   The song the stars of morning sung
   Has never died away,
- 2 And prayer is made, and praise is given By all things near and far:The ocean looketh up to heaven, And mirrors every star.
- 3 The green earth sends her incense up From many a mountain shrine. From folded leaf and dewy cup She pours her sacred wine.
- 4 So Nature keeps the reverent frame,
  With which her years began;
  And all her signs and voices shame
  A prayerless heart in man.

J. G. WHITTIER.



- 1 When gath'ring clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On Him I lean, who not in vain Experienced every human pain; He sees my wants, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my sense to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way, To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the wrong I would not do, Still He who felt temptation's power Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

ROBERT GRANT.



2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on;
Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

JOHN CENNICK.



- 1 See the ransomed millions stand, Palms of conquest in their hands! This before the throne their strain, "Hell is vanquished, death is slain!"
- 2 "Blessing, honor, glory, might, Are the Conqueror's native right! Thrones and powers before Him fall Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"
- 3 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour; Come in glory and in power! Still Thy foes are unsubdued: Nature sighs to be renewed.
- 4 Time has nearly reached its sum:
  All things with the Bride, say. "Come!"
  Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
  Come, and reign forevermore!



- 2 Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
- 3 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
  Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing:
  Long may our land be bright
  With freedom's holy light;
  Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King!
  S. F. SMITH,

VIGILATE. 7, 7, 7, 3.





- 2 Principalities and powers, Mustering their unseen array, Wait for thy unguarded hours: "Watch and pray."
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
  Wear it ever night and day;
  Ambushed lies the evil one;
  "Watch and pray."
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
  Still they mark each warrior's way;
  All with one sweet voice exclaim,
  "Watch and pray."
- 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord, Him thou lovest to obey; Hide within thy heart His Word, "Watch and pray."

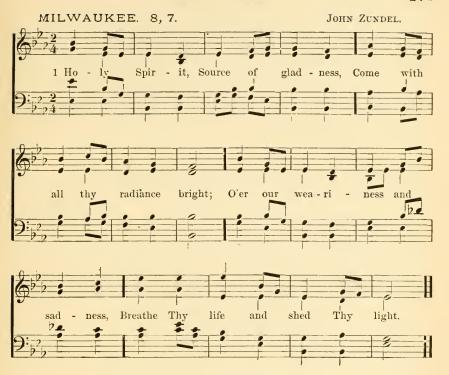


- In instant prayer display;
  Pray always; pray, and never faint;
  Pray, without ceasing pray.
- 3 In fellowship, alone,
  To God with faith draw near;
  Approach His courts, besiege His throne,
  And know the power of prayer.
- 4 From strength to strength go on;
  Wrestle, and fight and pray;
  Tread all the powers of darkness down,
  You'll win the well-fought day.
- 5 Still let the Spirit cry
  Through all His soldiers, "Come!"
  Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
  And take the conquerors home.



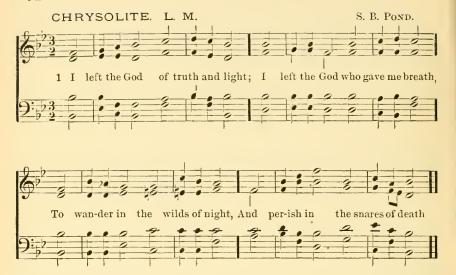
- Put all thy beauteous garments on,
   And let thy excellence be known:
   Decked in the robes of righteousness,
   The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade, And fill thy hallowed walls with dread; No more shall hell's insulting host Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ruins shall repair; Nor will thy watchful monarch cease To guard thee in eternal peace.

DODDRIDGE.



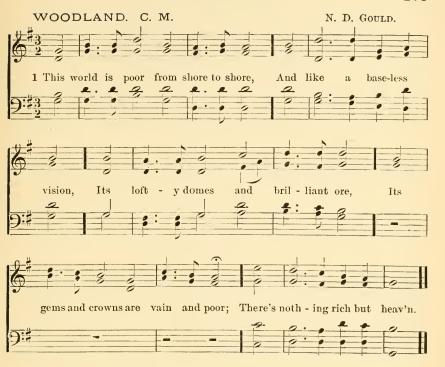
- 2 Send us thine illumination,
   Banish all our fears at length;
   Rest upon this congregation,
   Spirit of unfailing strength.
- 3 Let that love which knows no measure, Now in quickening showers descend, Bringing us the richest treasure Man can wish or God can send.
- 4 Hear our earnest supplication; Every struggling heart release; Rest upon this congregation, Spirit of untroubled Peace.

Anon.



- 2 In riches when I sought for joy, And placed in sordid gains my trust, I found that gold was all alloy, And worldly treasures fleeting dust.
- 3 I wooed ambition, climbed the pole, And shone among the stars, but fell Headlong in all my pride of soul, Like Lucifer, from heaven to hell.
- 4 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears. My faith discerns a dawn of grace; The Sun of Righteousness appears In Jesus' reconciling face.
- 5 My suffering, slain and risen Lord, In sore distress I turn to Thee; I claim acceptance on Thy word, My God! my God! Thou lovest me.

MONTGOMERY.

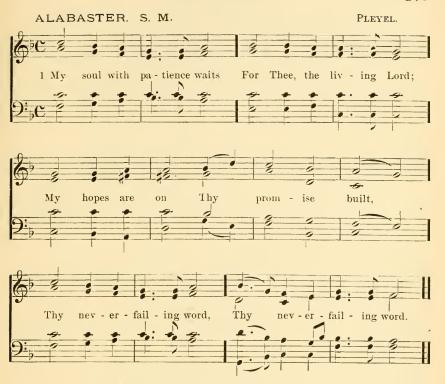


- 2 Empire decay, and nations die, Our hopes to winds are given; The vernal blooms in ruin lie, Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky; There's nothing sure but heaven.
- 3 Creations mighty fabric all Shall be to atoms riven; The skies consume, the planets fall, Convulsions rock the earthly ball, There's nothing firm but heaven.
- 4 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
  My sins are all forgiven;
  Triumphant grace has quelled my fears;
  Roll on thou sun, fly swift, my years,
  I'm on my way to heaven.

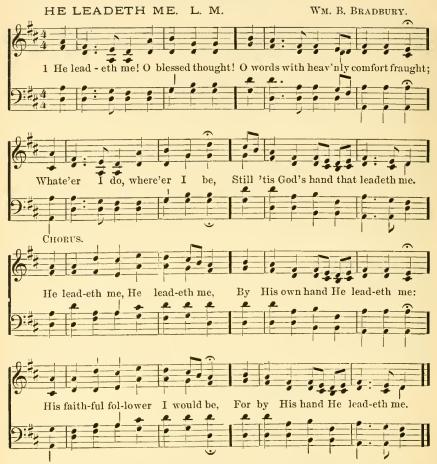


- Now when from matter I would turn,
   'Tis then Thy truths I can discern;
   The things I see, reduced to thought,
   Bring out their value, which is naught.
- 2 Then glance whichever way I will,
  I see Thy glories round me still;
  I see them shining out so clear,
  That love now takes the place of fear.
- 3 And now I see the prize is mine,
  And know the crown will ever shine;
  I know the Truth comes from above,
  From Him, the Life, and Truth and Love.

F. E. MASON.



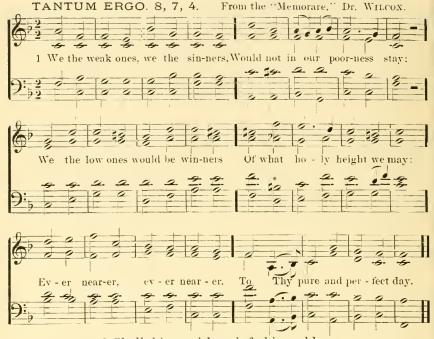
- 2 My longing eyes look out,For Thy enlivening ray;More duly than the morning watch,To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Isarel trust in God,
  No bounds His mercy knows;
  The plenteous source and spring from whence
  Eternal succor flows.
- 4 Whose friendly streams to us Supplies, in want convey;
  A healing spring, a spring to cleanse, And wash our guilt away.



- 2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine; Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!—Cho.
- 3 And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave, I will not flee, Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—Cho.



- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
  - "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
- 3 Hath He diadem as Monarch That His brow adorns? "Yes, a crown, in very surety, But of thorns."
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
  What His guerdon here?
  "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
  Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
  Will He say me nay?
  "Not till earth, and not till heaven
  Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping. struggling, Is He sure to bless? "Angels. Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins, Answer, Yes!"



2 Shall things withered, fashions olden.

Keep us from life's flowing spring?
Waits for us the promise golden.
Waits each new diviner thing;
Onward. onward.
Why this faithless tarrying.

3 By each saving word unspoken;
By Thy truth, as yet half won;
By each idol yet unbroken;
By Thy will, yet poorly done;
Hear us, hear us,
Thou Almighty! help us on.

4 Nearer to Thee would we venture,
Of Thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break,
To the ages, to the ages,
Fair bequests and costly make.

THOMAS H. GILL, 1869.

## HURSLEY. L. M.

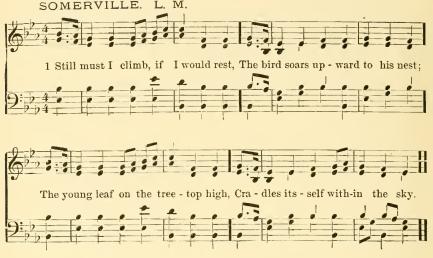
HAYDN, 1798. Arr, by Wm. H, Monk, 1861,



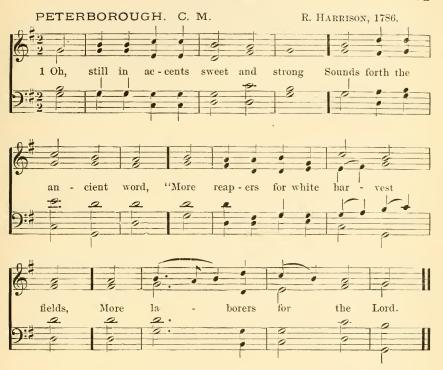


- 1 "Let there be light," thus spake the Word. The Word was God "and there was light;" Still that creative voice is heard, And day arises from each night.
- 2 And every night shall turn to day, While months, and years and ages roll; And science turns a brighter ray Down in the chaos of the soul.
- 3 Nor this alone, its wakening smiles
  Break on the gloom of pagan sleep;
  The Word hath reached the utmost isles,
  God's Spirit moves upon the deep.
- 4 Already from the dust of death,
  Man in his Makers's image, stands;
  Always inhales immortal breath,
  And stretches forth to heaven his hands.

  Montgomery.

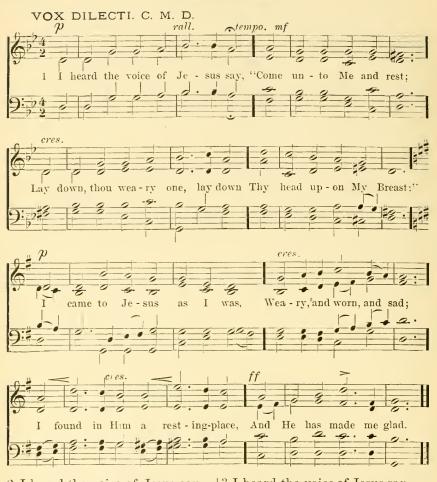


- 2 The streams that seem to hasten down, Return in clouds the hills to crown; The plant arises from her root, To rock aloft her flower and fruit.
- 3 I cannot in the valley stay; The great horizons stretch away, The very cliffs that wall me round Are ladders unto higher ground.
- 4 To work, to rest for each a time, I toil, but I must also climb; What soul was ever quite at ease, Shut in by earthly boundaries.
- 5 I am not glad till I have known, Life that can lift me from my own; A loftier level must be won, A mightier strength to lean upon.
- 6 And heaven draws near as I ascend, The breeze invites, the stars befriend, All things are beckoning to the best, I elimb to Thee, my God, for rest.



- 1 Oh, still in accents sweet and strong Sounds forth the ancient word,
  "More reapers for white harvest fields, More laborers for the Lord!"
- We hear the call; in dreams no more In selfish ease we lie,But girded for our Father's work,Go forth beneath His sky.
- 3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
  And prayers of saints are sown,
  We, to their labors entering in,
  Would reap where they have strown.

  Samuel Longfellow,



2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give

The living water, thisty one, Stoop down, and drink, and

Icame to Jesus.and I drank [live;" Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived.

And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's Light:

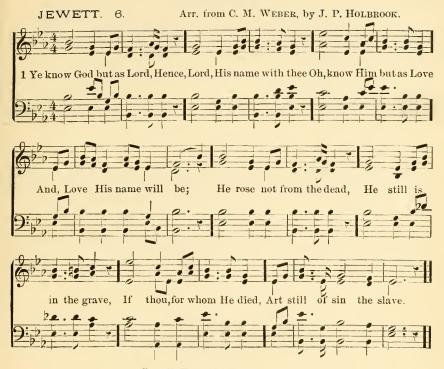
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise.

And all thy day be bright:"

I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star. my Sun;

And in that Light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done.

H. BONAR.



2 In all Eternity,
No love can be so sweet
As when man's heart with God
In unison doth beat;
Whate'er thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must;
God, if thou lovest God,
Dust, if thou lovest dust.

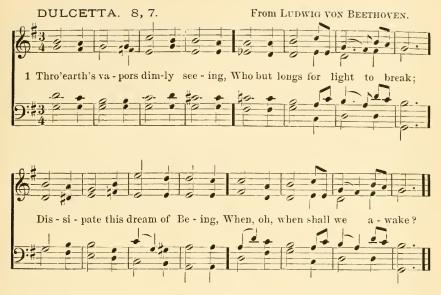
3 The cross on Golgotha
Can never serve thy soul,
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole,
Infinite Creator
Who on earth, but knows it,
And yet a human heart
Can perfectly enclose it.

ANGELUS SILISCES, 1620.

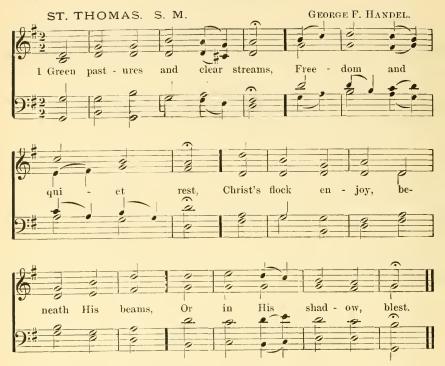




- 1 When I can read my title clear
  To mansions in the skies,
  I bid farewell to every fear,
  And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,And firey darts be hurled,Then I can smile at Satan's rage,And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
  In seas of heavenly rest,
  And not a wave of trouble roll
  Across my peaceful breast
  ISAAG WATTS,

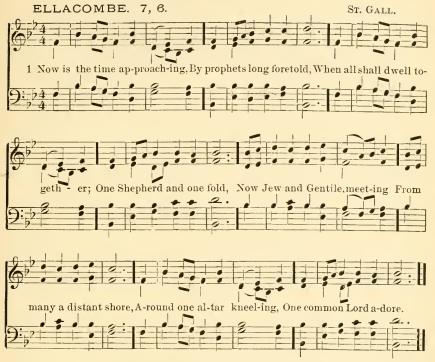


- 1 Through earth's vapors dimly seeing, Who but longs for light to break; Dissipate this dream of Being, When, oh, when shall we awake
- 2 Oh, the time when this material Shall have vanished like a cloud, And amid the wide ethereal, All the Spiritual shall crowd.
- Naked stand, but still surrounded
   With realities unknown;
   Triumph in the view unbounded,
   Know ourselves "as we are known."
- 4 In that sudden strange transition, By what new and glorious sense, Shall we grasp the mighty vision, And receive its influence.



- 2 The mountain and the vale,
  Forest and field, they range;
  The morning dew, the evening gale,
  Bring health in every change.
- 3 Should storms of trouble blow, Warned of the coming shock, They to the Rock of Ages go; Their Shepherd is their Rock.
- 4 Conflicts and trials done,
  His glory they behold,
  Where Jesus and His flock are one,
  One Sheperd and one fold.

  MONTGOMERY.



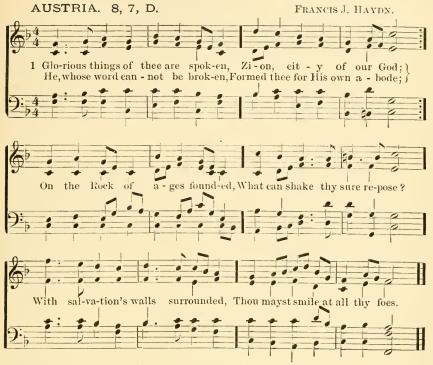
- 2 Let all that now divides us,
  Remove and pass away,
  Like shadows of the midnight
  Before the blaze of day;
  And all that now unites us
  More sweet and lasting prove,
  A closer bond of union,
  A closer bond of love.
- 3 O long-expected dawning,
  O bright and cheering ray,
  Before thy warmth and brightness,
  The shadows flee away;
  This glad anticipation.
  It cheers the toilers on
  To watch, and hope, and labor,
  Till the dark night be gone.

  Jane Bouthwick, 1863.



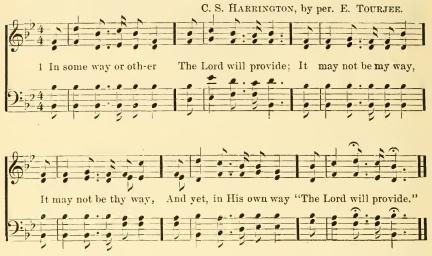
- Beneath the shadow of the cross,
   As earthly hopes remove,
   His new commandment Jesus gives,
   His blessed word of love.
- 2 A bond of union strong and deep,A bond of perfect peace;Not even the lifted cross can harm,If we but hold to this.
- 3 Then, Jesus, be thy Spirit ours;
  And swift our feet shall move,
  To deeds of pure self sacrifice,
  And the sweet tasks of love.

  Samuel Longfellow.



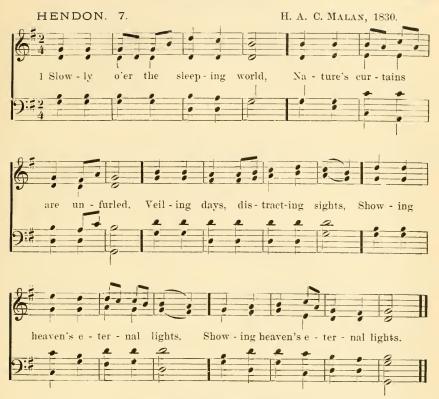
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
  Springing from eternal love,
  Still supply Thy sons and daughters,
  And all fear of want remove:
  Who can faint while such a river
  Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
  Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
  Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
  See the cloud and fire appear,
  For a glory and a covering,
  Showing that the Lord is near!
  He who gives us daily manna,
  He who listens when we cry,
  Let him hear the loud hossana
  Rising to His throne on high.
  John Newyon.

## THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. H. M.



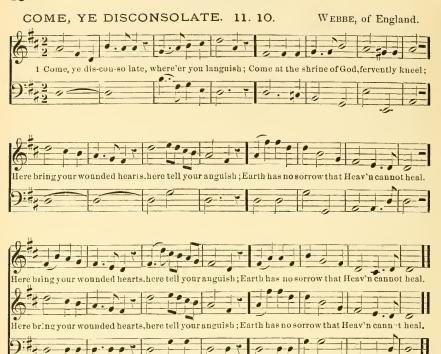
- 2 At some time or other
  The Lord will provide
  It may not be my time,
  It may not be thy time,
  And yet, in His owntime,
  "The Lord will provide."
- 3 Despond, then, no longer:
  The Lord will provide;
  And this be the token,
  No word He hath spoken
  Was ever yet broken,
  "The Lord will provide."
- 4 March on, then, right boldly;
  The sea shall divide;
  The pathway made glorious,
  With shoutings victorious,
  We'll join in the chorus,
  "The Lord will provide."

  Mrs. M. A. W. COOKE.



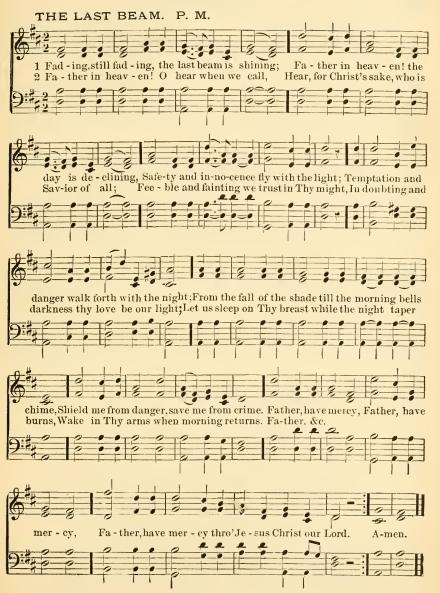
- Slowly o'er the sleeping world.
   Nature's curtains are unfurled;
   Veiling days, distracting sights,
   Showing heaven's eternal lights.
- 2 Living stars to view are brought, In the boundless realms of thought; High and infinite desires, Flaming like those upper fires,
- 3 Holy Truth, Eternal Right, Let them break upon our sight; Let them shine serene and still, And with light my being fill.

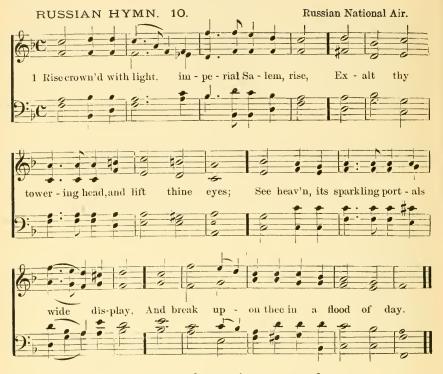
W. H. FURNESS, 1840.



- 1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
  Come at the shrine of God, fervently kneel;
  Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
  Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
  Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
  Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
  "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
  Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
  Come to the feast of love; come ever knowing
  Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

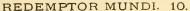
THOMAS MOORE.



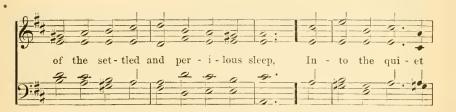


- 2 See a long race, thy spacious courts adorn, See future sons and daughters yet unborn, In crowding ranks on every side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend, Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend, See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings, While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The sea shall waste, the skies to smoke decay, Rocks fall to dust and mountains melt away; But fixed His word, His saving power remains; Thy realm shall last, Thy own Messiah reigns.

ALEXAND! R POPE.









- 2 Out of disaster and ruin complete, Out of the struggle and dreary defeat, Into a righteous and permanent peace, Into to the grandest and fullest release.
- 3 Out of the bondage and wearying chains, Out of companionship ever with pains. Into communion with Father and Son, Into the sharing of all that Christ won.
- 4 Wonderful love, that has wrought all for me; Wonderful work that has thus set me free; Wonderful ground upon which I have come; Wonderful tenderness welcoming home.

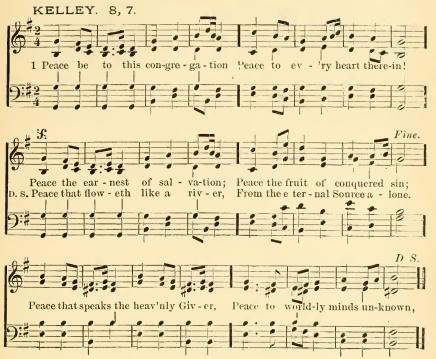


2 Between two thoughts we live, One from our Lord, doth give Freedom sublime:

The other from His foe,

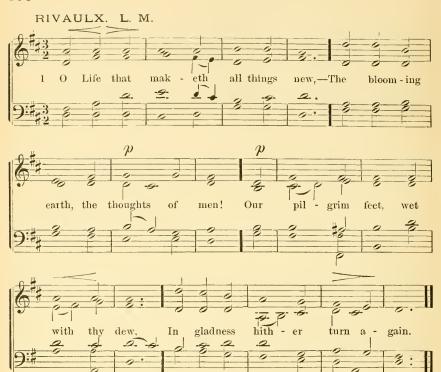
- ||: Comes with all mortal woe, :|| And stings of time.
- 3 Between two worlds we move, One from the real doth prove; One from the dust; In spirit, if we bide,
- ||: Not to the unreal tied. :|| We safely trust.
- 4 Between the earth and sky, A million insects ply, Their daily task; So men may toil in sin,

: Or they may soar, and, in : God's sunlight bask.

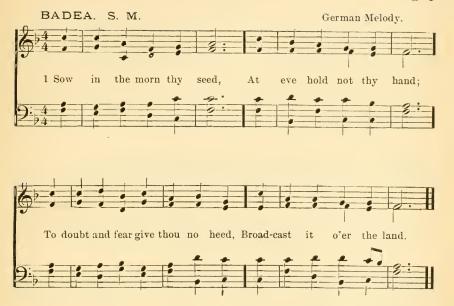


- Peace be to this congregation!
  Peace to every heart therein!
  Peace the earnest of salvation,
  Peace the fruit of conquered sin!
  Peace that speaks the heavenly Giver!
  Peace the worldly minds unknown,
  Peace that floweth like a river,
  From the eternal Source alone.
- 2 O thou God of Peace, be near us,
  Fix within our hearts, Thy home;
  With Thy bright-appearing cheer us,
  In Thy blessed freedom come;
  Come with all Thy revelations,
  Truth which we so long have sought;
  Come with Thy deep consolations,
  Peace of God which passeth thought.

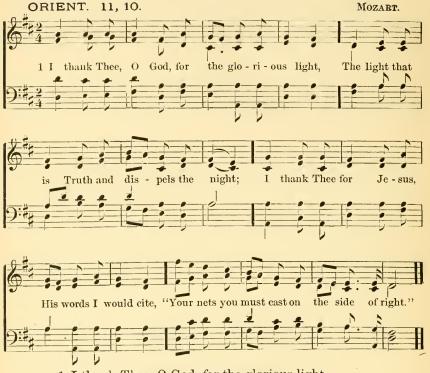
  Weslevan.



- 2 From hand to hand the greeting flows, From eye to eye the signals run, From heart to heart the bright hope glows; The seekers of the Light are one.
- 3 One in the freedom of the truth,
  One in the joy of paths untrod,
  One in the soul's perennial youth,
  One in the larger thought of God
- 4 The freer step, the fuller breath,
  The wide horizon's grander view,
  The sense of life that knows no death,—
  The Life that maketh all things new.
  Samuel Longfellow,



- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,At eve hold not thy hand;To doubt and fear give thou no heed,Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,The highway furrows stock,Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 And duly shall appear,
  In verdure, beauty, strength,
  The tender blade, the stalk, the ear;
  And the full corn at length.



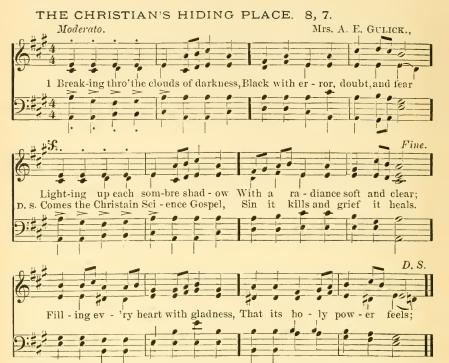
- I thank Thee, O God; for the glorious light,
  The light that is Truth, and dispels the night;
  I thank Thee for Jesus, His words I would cite,
  "Your nets you must cast on the side of the right."
- 2 I thank Thee for her who divided the sea, Showed me the way out of bondage to flee; This way she is leading, tho' narrow must be The way I must follow to come to Thee.
- 3 I thank Thee for wisdom that cometh from Thee,
  Footprints of Jesus, the way I can see;
  I thank Thee, O Life, Love, and Truth, for these Three.
  Teach of heaven, the Glory that's waiting for me.

  FRANK E MASON, C. S. B.

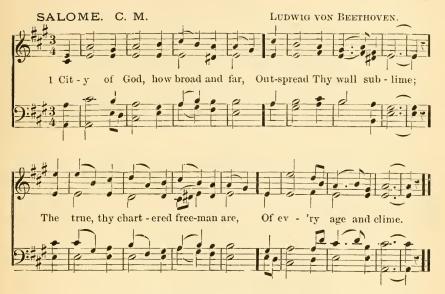


- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give the aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy trials to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through firey trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

  George Keith.

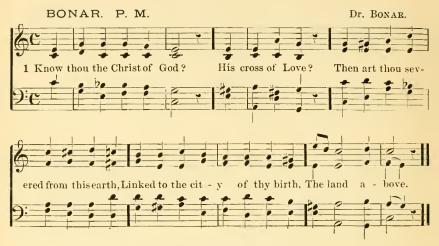


- 1 Breaking through the clouds of darkness,
  Black with error, doubt, and fear;
  Lighting up each sombre shadow
  With a radiance soft and clear;
  Filling every heart with gladness,
  That its holy power feels,
  Comes the Christian Science Gospel,
  Sin it kills and grief it heals.
- 2 It will go across all oceans,
  And be known in every land,
  Till our sisters and our brothers,
  All united in one band;
  Raise to heaven their glad hosannas,
  For a world from sin set free;
  And to God, the Heavenly Father,
  Then subdued will all things be.
  F. L. HEYWOOD.



- 1 City of God, how broad and far,
   Out-spread Thy wall sublime;
   The true, Thy chartered freeman are,
   Of every age and clime.
- 2 One holy church, one army strong,One steadfast, high intent,One working band, one harvest song,One King omnipotent.
- 3 How purely hath Thy speech come down From man's primeval youth; How grandly hath Thine empire grown, Of Life, and Love, and Truth.
- 4 In vain the surge's angry shock, In vain the drifting sands; Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock, The Eternal City stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.



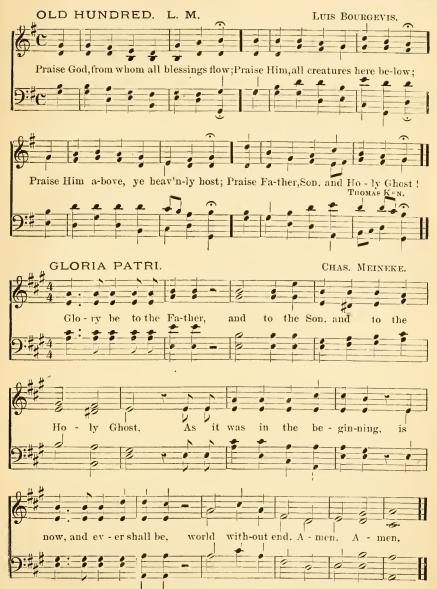
- 1 Know thou the Christ of God?
  His cross of Love?
  Then art thou severed from this earth,
  Linked to the city of thy birth,
  The land above.
- 2 Thy life is not below,'Tis all on high;The Living One now lives for thee,The Loving One now pleads for thee,Thou cans't not die.
- 3 Serve then the life of Faith,

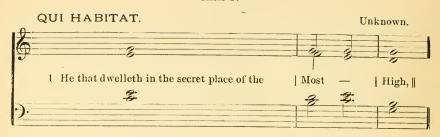
  The life divine;

  Live on in Him, the Living One,

  Who holds thee with Him on His throne,

  His life is thine.
- 4 No rest, no slumber now;
  Watch and be strong;
  Love is the smoother of the way,
  And hope at midnight, as in day,
  Breaks out in song,
  Dr. Bonar,







- 1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the | Most— | High, || shall abide under the | shadow of | the Al- | mighty.
- 2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge | and my | fortress, || my God, in | Him— | will I | trust.
- 3 Because thou hast made the Lord, which | is my | refuge, || even the Most | High, thy | habi- | tation.
- 4 There shall no evil be- | fall— | thee, || neither shall any | plague come | nigh thy | dwelling.
- 5 For He shall give His angels charge | over | thee, || to | keep thee in | all thy | ways.
- 6 They shall bear thee up | in their | hands, || lest thou dash thy | foot a- | gainst a | stone.
- 7 Thou shalt tread upon the | lion and | adder; || the young lion and the dragon shalt thou | trample | under | feet.

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